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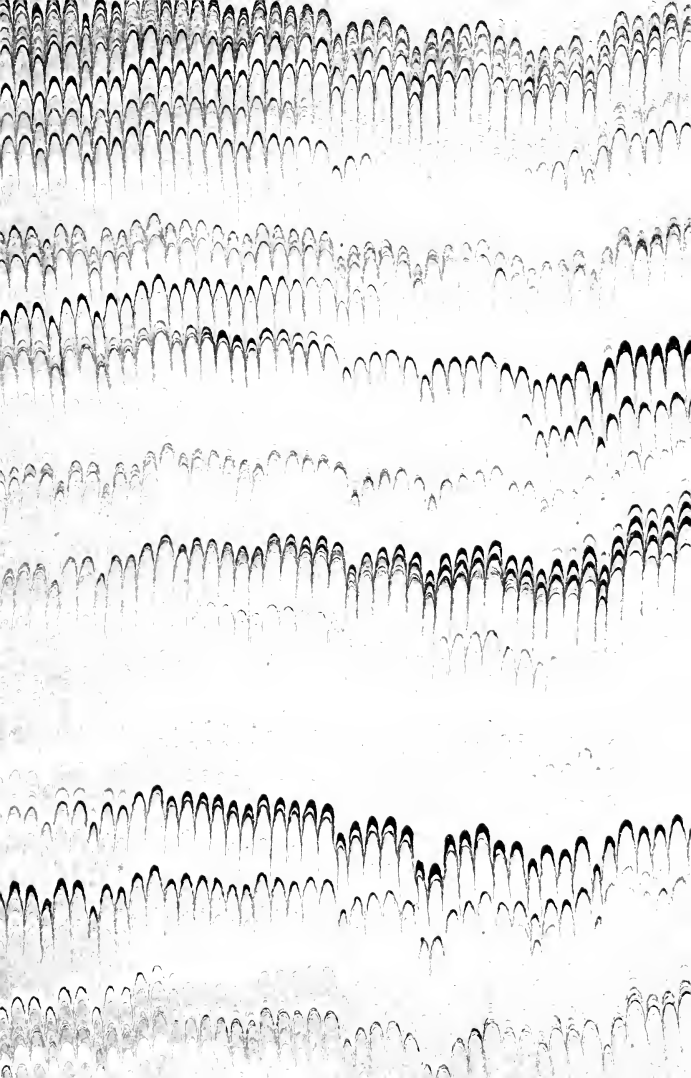


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AMERICA.

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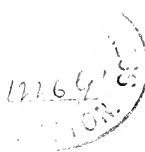
ROSWELL ALPHONZO BENEDICT.

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!”

SCOTT.

1876.

NEW YORK:
MEARNS, ENDLER & CO.
183 GREENWICH STREET.



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TO THE MEMORY OF HIS

MOTHER,

THIS WORK IS REVERENTLY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR

AMERICA.

PART FIRST.

WHEN ages since, the Earth new-fashioned
rolled
Through Time's chill morn, expressionless
and cold

It long received the glances of the Sun ;
For then the reign of life had not begun ;
The gentle dew then nightly kissed in vain
The rigid features of each hill and plain ;
Not sweet with flow'rs, beneath the soft caress
Ungratefully they met its tenderness.

Earth's soil had never felt robber assaults
Of myriad roots upon its treasure vaults ;
To living lungs the Air had not been slave ;
Unheard it murmured through the mountain cave,
Or wandered listlessly among the hills,
And played its harp beside their lonely rills ;
And when for war, clad in its warrior's dress,
It swept the plain, rushed from the precipice,
And through the darksome gorge exulting flew—
Till e'en the shadows shrank at its halloo—
'Twas all alone, save when upon a cloud
The mounted thunder hoarsely spoke aloud,

Deaf'ning anathemas from his dark path,
Upon the careless hills which mocked his wrath.

The sun of day flashed on no living eye,
And daily dropped unwitnessed from the sky ;
Nor did the tender moon gaze on by night
The tombs of those who once had loved her light ;
Without a breathing foe in any zone,
Earth, air, and water ruled the world alone.

And thus it was till from the heavenly sphere,
Where light ne'er glistened in a falling tear,
A form celestial sped to Earth's bleak shore,
Whose mien impressed the elements: as o'er
The barren land she gazed, from where her flight
She first delayed since leaving heaven's light,
Her features shone with an ethereal glow,
That ne'er before had lit these realms below ;
With locks disposed as heavenly zephyrs last,
With reverent touches, placed them as they passed,
With wide, calm brow, with eyes ne'er dimmed by tears,
She seemed a goddess fit to sway the spheres.

Well might the boist'rous wind in passing by,
A moment pause, awe-struck ; then with a sigh
Of glad assent, pursue his way along,
And change his noisy carol to a song,
That softly told in sweet enchanting strains
Unto the sombre crags, unto the plains,
And to the rolling ocean's foaming green,
The wondrous tidings of the heav'n-born queen.

For even in that clime where hollow death
Upon the air had never flung his breath,
And where in endless joy good angels dwelt,
Her presence, like a guiding star, was felt ;

Her sister spirits deemed it joy to be
So nearly kin to noble Liberty.

Short was her pause, and short the glance she threw
Across the cheerless world that met her view,
But o'er the infant Earth she lightly sprang,
While with Heaven's noblest chant the valleys rang.
Each silver cadence swelling from her throat,
Was born to be a never dying note.
The eager zephyrs seized it at its birth,
And spread its harmony through all the earth ;
And always lingering in the sweet-breathed gales,
That ever floated through Earth's secret vales,
It soon became a common signal note,
Connecting parts of earth though far remote ;
A means by which each part, however small,
Could hold a sweet communion with them all.

It was the soul that Liberty infused
Into the atmosphere, so long unused
With things of softer hearts to sympathize,
Than bloodless frozen rocks and staring skies.

The Earth was wakened from its slothful mood,
As rolled above it the melodious flood,
And all the latent lives within its grasp
Struggled for fuller breath in one deep gasp,
And breaking all the spells that held them bound,
They rose, a joyful myriad from the ground.

The cold gray earth was cold and gray no more,
And like a miser forced to yield the store
That years had piled, to lavish on one robe
Of richest hue, was then the transformed globe.

Sweet grasses, plants, and high majestic trees,
Trembled with life before the happy breeze,

And the soft music of their rustling limbs
Rose from the earth, like low thanksgiving hymns.

And now, the rivulet no longer sighed
Because of its forsaken little tide ;
But lovingly the flow'r leaned o'er its brink,
To which it rose to kiss sometimes, and sink
Humbly again, and all contentment rest,
Its sweet companion imaged on its breast.

But though all life was bursting into song,
Far happier than the happiest of Earth's throng
Was Liberty ; with heavenly light her eyes
Were glorious, when, like her Paradise,
She saw the sombre Earth from its gray bud
Blossom, beneath her spirit's spring-like flood.
Her voice with fire from her glad soul was filled,
And by her tones the universe was thrilled ;
All things enrapt, a space held breath and tongue.
Then, kindled by her fire, her anthem sung:
The thunder rose up from his mountain lair,
And poured his soul upon the pulsing air ;
A mighty wind sprung from its lurking place,
And joined its treble with the thunder's bass.
The chanting ocean from the distant shore,
Held to the tuneful measure with its roar ;
Earth shook with mighty joy from pole to pole,
And from its ringing hills there swiftly stole
A sound that ne'er before had broken the repose
Of space ; not e'en the music that arose
From chiming spheres flamed with the noble fire
That upward leapt from Liberty's glad choir.

It reached the grandest height Sound might attain,
And to the listening planets flung a strain

Exalted : then its power declined, but still
There lingered its deep sweetness all until
Its latest note upon Earth's surface died,
And left unbroken silence far and wide.

In silence long Earth seemed to dwell upon
The memory of the song, whose life had flown ;
But though its strains had melted in the air,
When once again the singers everywhere
Their ways resumed, seemed yet its harmony
To dwell within each child of Liberty.
Each was so happy in its proper place,
As unto all to give a truer grace :
The dimpled lakelet smiled when the soft palm
Of Morning's breeze brushed from its face the calm :
The same great pow'r that caused the breeze to rove,
Breathed in the lake a soul gentle with love ;
And e'en the stern-voiced hills that through each age
With anger met the thunder's angry rage,
Were governed by the same great power profound,
And imitated every gentle sound :
Nor did that thing in Earth's great household dwell,
That did not kindly wish each brother well.

Thus Liberty began her holy reign ;
But as she walked upon the verdant plain,
That from a gray existence she had brought,
Her graceful head was bowed in solemn thought :
For though her feet were kissed by flow'rets meek,
And loyal breezes softly touched her cheek,
And though she heard the ocean's earnest tone
Swearing allegiance from his hall of stone,
And though the pond'rous Earth was pleased to lie
At rest beneath the magic of her eye,

A light prophetic glanced across her mind,
By which the distant future she divined.

Perhaps she saw a weight of earthly care,
That seemed a moment more than she could bear,
For shades of trouble came upon her face ;
But when she raised her eyes to that bright place—
Her native sphere—all shadows quickly fled :
A radiant halo beamed above her head ;
A holy peace drove from her face dark Care,
While Resolution stayed undaunted there.

Above the earth the rapid cycles flew ;
The moss gray rocks more gray with mosses grew :
Great forests rose and crumbled on the plain,
And from their ashes forests rose again.

Then came at last, borne in the general round
Of nights and days, a night deeply profound
In blackness : and no moon or stars appeared
To chase with their bright shafts the shadows weird.
But shadows held the earth close in their arms,
And all unhindered wove their subtlest charms.
From 'neath the waveless deeps of darkness crept
A sound that showed not all in silence slept ;
'Twas not the ceaseless waterfall that dinned
Upon its echoing floor, nor yet the wind
That moves forever, even in its sleep :
It was a piercing murmur, low and deep,
That seemed as if it could have but been made
By myriad spirits moving 'neath the shade :
But soon that sound left Earth sunk in a rest,
As deep as fathomless darkness o'er its breast.

When next the sun rose from the dawning dim.
He gazed in wonder from its eastern rim

Upon the happy Earth ; for 'neath his beams
He saw among its mountains, vales, and streams,
Those wondrous creatures that held power high,
To course o'er Earth, as he coursed o'er the sky.
No more alone within his glowing breast,
A power of boundless action he possessed.

Then Liberty beheld them, each one formed
With art divine ; to all her spirit warmed ;
In every conscious shape she recognized
A being for some noble end devised ;
Some were so like in mien to things of Earth,
Perchance it was those things that gave them birth.

Those beauteous sprites whose frames were soft as air,
Seemed offsprings of the breeze ; and those so fair,
So gentle in demeanor, might have been
The children of some quiet little glen,
Where thick the grasses grew in peace ; and, too,
Those others that appeared so stern to view,
Light only made features more stern unfold,
Seemed sprung from mountains rugged, harsh, and cold.

And yet were others there beneath her eye
Whose forms were beautiful in symmetry,
For they of all the beings of that host
Resembled heav'n-born Liberty the most ;
And being nobler than the rest, perchance
Were gifts of heavenly vapors that advance
In royal state to meet the purple morn,
Or else in some far spirit clime were born—
In some mysterious islet of that sea
That stretches to the stars, for wondrously
And far beyond all Earth-born creatures' powers,
They graced the fairest scenes among Earth's bowers.

But Liberty as children of her own
Received them all, and unto every one
She showed herself to be a steadfast friend,
That would in every pilgrim path attend.

She led them o'er the mountain's rugged ways,
And made a path where lay the forest's maze ;
Whether they stepped by river, vale, or shore,
True Liberty forever stepped before.
And when the eye of day was closed in sleep,
Above them she a loving watch did keep,
Calling the vapors from the seas of space
To cool the midnight air ; and on each face
Silent in sleep she bade the breezes play,
To smooth the weary lines worn by the day.

A thousand tender acts, graceful and shrewd,
Betrayed her mother-like solicitude ;
Nor was her kindness lost : Earth's creatures all
Felt her influence on their spirits fall,
As flowers feel rain ; and to her happy view
Unfolded all the love their spirits knew.
And while the ages scarred the planet o'er,
They felt her mystic presence more and more ;
Profoundest joy beamed from the golden skies,
And made the Earth akin to Paradise.

But brilliant skies are clouded at a breath,
And joy as soon in sorrow finds a death.

Earth was no longer all protected by
The perfect armor of obscurity ;
Its surface shone with countless treasures bright,
And wondering worlds gazed on its dazzling flight.

From his waste realm, in outer darkness reared,
Upon the world a vicious spirit peered ;

His lustful eye glowed with a wicked fire,
And evil purpose flashed its red desire.

He rose for flight, and to its shadows left
His dread domain ; swiftly his dark wings cleft
The hollow fields, but left a track to view,
Of hideous gloom. Straight for the Earth he flew,
And as he ceased his flight upon its plain
It shuddered like a thing in mortal pain.

He moved from place to place ; but there awoke
Not joy beneath his tread. As from the stroke
That thunders from the night-black cloud to land,
And blacks, and burns, and blights all 'neath its hand,
Each earthly creature shrunk from Tyranny,
And, trembling, closer clung to Liberty.
Then, with an air of conscious power, he strode
Across the Earth—deep-quailing 'neath the load.

Around upon its face his vision strayed
With pleasure deep, and leapt a shade,
Upon his forehead fierce, of hellish glee,
When he beheld its people glad and free,
While o'er his low'ring features quickly spread
A dark, malicious cloud ; but in its stead
There came a swift expression of dismay,
When he beheld their queen, and saw that they
Gave unto Liberty their homage warm,
While for their love she guarded them from harm.

He faltered back dismayed, but not subdued ;
For as he more the blooming planet viewed,
The more he burnt to be its king, and more
Within his hollow heart he fiercely swore
To show those that would bar his action free,
The fiend as most the fiend was yet to be.

By open means alone he could not crush
The power of Liberty, nor at a rush
Bear to the humble dust her shining frame ;
But to his mind on eager wings there came
Those schemes that aid alone the sons of Hell.
Fast from its natural shape his substance fell,
Until it floated on the burdened air,
Like to the poison damp that makes its lair
In noisome fens, and rising in the night
Wings o'er the dreaming land its stealthy flight,
Invisible, but bearing in its breath
The chill and pitiless salute of Death.

Thus, wholly mingled with the atmosphere,
Not to the mortal eye did he appear ;
But none the less was he an imp of Hate,
That stealthily in malice laid in wait
To smite a beaming queen of light, and tear
Earth's children from her all-fulfilling care.
He ever kept in view one vicious end,
And eagerly pursued all that would tend
To make it sure ; he hovered always 'round
Wherever breathing conscious shapes were found,
And plied his deepest arts ; the breezes borne
To fan to flame the ruddy glow of morn,
The airs that touched the brow of fevered noon,
The winds that sighed beneath a midnight moon,
All bore concealed in draughts flavored with bliss
The smouldering poison of a demon's kiss.

Nor were these means enough to please the will
Of scheming Tyranny ; he sought for still
A surer means of reaching his design.

In ecstasies, he saw the fruitful vine

Most prized by noblest beings of the earth,
And low he laughed, moved by an awful mirth.

Then in the vine remorselessly he placed
A virus, that would chain the mortal taste
With links of woe, and fill with hissing fire
The mortal frame ; and, leaping higher and higher,
Would lick away with tongues of heat the throne
That made the mortal more than plant or stone,
And leave him shorn of every noble mood,
Bereft of strength to seize the thing of good ;
E'en blinded to the light of Liberty,
And groping in the night of Tyranny.

Soon crept a chilling change o'er all the land ;
The nobler beings left the common band
And coldly dwelt apart, and e'en did hear
The words of Liberty with grudging ear ;
The music of the voice they once obeyed
Brought to their brows ever a deeper shade.

And Liberty in grieving silence felt
The mournful change, but strove softly to melt
Their hardened hearts by e'en more gentle ways
Than those that charmed them in past happy days ;
Her voice was pitched in a melodious flow
Of faultless harmony, so sweet and low
That it entranced all earthly things but them :
They listened to her words but to condemn.

But though from her sad face they coldly turned,
Still Liberty's warm heart towards them yearned ;
Her tender acts were lavished more and more,
E'en while she pondered that dark future o'er
That loomed to meet their deeds ; but like the rains
That waste upon the sands of desert plains

Was all her love ; then as her last hope died,
Dim sorrow o'er her stretched its pinions wide.
Long did she struggle in the rayless night,
Concealed by ten-fold shades from every sight,
To vanquish in her soul the gloomy foe
That sought to lay her heav'n-born purpose low.
Her struggles were not vain. When all the East
The morning fired again, her strife had ceased,
And with a brow clear as the cloudless sky,
She saw the Sun glance with a tranquil eye
Upon the Earth again ; the gen'rous light
Tipped with its gold each heav'nward stretching height ;
The foliaged vales caught the reflected glow
That fell from burnished skies ; the broken flow
Of murmuring tones made by the toiling rill
Faintly the silence broke ; the air was still ;
Nor whispered e'en a leaf upon the tree,
Nor breathed the grass its choral symphony ;
And all were so absorbed in peaceful dreams,
The Sun unheeded cast his brightest beams.

The eye of Liberty awhile o'erran
This scene of purest peace ; then thus began
Her spirit to pour forth its long pent tide :

“Thou Earth ! more dear to me than all beside !
Thou art the loveliest of all the spheres
That course between the sun and heav'n ! The years
That dim the light of suns bring to thy form
Swung in their mellow paths, a growing charm ;
And thou art precious in high Heaven's sight,
Who sends the sun by day to give thee light,
And, when the hours of rest draw softly nigh,
Sends forth his angels o'er the shadowy sky,

To light the watchful stars, and guard thy dreams ;
For with a wondrous life thy surface teems—
There, by a constant evolution, springs
From thy rich heart a million conscious things,
Each decked with beauty fit to grace a god ;
And though thou art, as thou dost humbly plod,
But pastures now for those that rise from thee,
Thou art not at thy best, for thou canst be
A garden for the heav'ns ; and even now
There wander 'neath the skies that o'er thee bow,
Those that will always hold a yearning deep
For all things pure ; who now forever keep
Their thirsty souls up-looking to the skies,
And draw from every glance of good that flies
From heaven to earth its fullest heav'nly pow'rs,
Until they bloom with good to perfect flow'rs,
That even heaven's angels might with pride
Transplant to their own fields beyond Earth's tide.

“ But greater glory thou mayst still attain
Within a sphere outside the poor domain
Of paltry matter ; for thou canst put forth
Those sprouts so highly fused with subtle worth,
That they shall send their branches long and fair
Beyond thy clouds to heaven's holy air,
And summon to thy face its purity—
Surrounded by material symmetry—
Before the sight of lower things to dwell,
And with all good from every source to swell
Their forms, until the period is past
That sees them held by bonds of matter fast,
And then close-knitted by their Earth sojourn,
From thy warm breast with gathered sweets to turn

And leave their baser parts to fall to clay,
And wing their flight to heaven's brilliant day—
Spirits of good, that from celestial spheres
Could aid to pilot Virtue through the years.

“ Yes ! favored planet, Heaven hath placed in thee
A wondrous pow'r o'er life ; while others flee
Only dead spheres of matter through the sky—
Known but of sense—thy life may occupy
A god-like form ; for while material bloom
Can make thee seem with grace the helmet plume
Of the All-powerful, thou mayst appear
A rising sun of glory in that sphere
Where nothing base can come ; and all the good
That from thy soul would gush a constant flood,
Would gild thy spirit-form with gaining light,
Till thou didst shine o'er all thy comrades bright,
And cast into the dusky realms afar,
Beyond the glimmer of Thought's brightest star,
Such floods of glory from thy radiant form
As would with life a million virtues warm.

“ So great a glory thou mayst thus attain,
No future time would see its fullness wane.

“ But ne'er was hope so bright to mock despair.
And ne'er was joy without the vein of care
That sent a thought of future to the brain ;
And oh ! thou land, now fair as heaven's plain,
Do not the stealthy shadows darkly creep
Across the visions of thy peaceful sleep,
Of those wild days that come with fateful tread,
To cast their fearful burdens on thy head ?
Does not the freshness of each shrub and tree
Vanish before the breath of Tyranny ?

For Tyranny is nigh ; the clouds of Fate
Are charged with all the pestilence of hate,
And even now I hear the clank of chains,
And see upon the earth the crimson stains,
And see my children locked in mortal fight,
While Tyranny in glee beholds the sight.
But still thou sleepest, calm : thy dreams are sweet,
Nor rumble they with rush of many feet,
Nor hear they groans of each poor dying wretch
That shall in future on thy surface stretch,
And beg the passing wind to swiftly bear
Unto my ears his last regretful prayer.

“ For oh ! how bitterly will each repent
His wasted life, in wild rebellion spent.
Oh ! mournfully then will each dying gaze
Look back upon its early happy days ;
Then shall lost ones in agony discern
How deeply doth the brand of error burn
Into their captive souls its fatal mark !
Then, as they lose themselves in utter dark,
Their latest prayers on feeble wings will fly
Against the iron breast of Tyranny.”

Here ended Liberty ; for from the hill
She heard the wind play on his clarion shrill,
And wake the earth to live another day,
And to her daily task she sped away.

But though her brow was calm, and often played
The smile upon her lip, her eye betrayed,
By sad expressions that about it crept,
How sorrowfully the hidden spirit wept.

And though the lower ones, with instinct keen,
Swiftly observed the sadness of her mien,

And saw a trouble in the tender gaze,
And sought to soothe her by their gentlest ways,
Though e'en the very trees hushed every leaf
At her approach, as if they knew her grief ;
Those higher ones who boasted noble sense
Looked on their queen with cold indifference,
Nursing their midnight thoughts ; but when she spoke
It was as if her voice with anguish woke
Some 'wild'ring theme of madness in their brains :
For fierce they writhed, as if a thousand pains
Possessed their souls ; their eyes with fury blazed,
And wildly 'round with insane fire they gazed ;
Then rose their voices in a maniac song,
Swelling a hideous chorus fierce and strong,
That cursed all noble things, and harshly cursed
Their own sweet Liberty ; then hoarsely burst
In one wild climax on the shivering blast,
As from the air to earth chill shades were cast,
That bounded to the shape of Tyranny.
As on him fell the fire-lit mortal eye,
A shout of ten-fold madness rent the air,
Proclaiming Tyranny the ruler there.
Then as their frenzy gained its greatest heat,
They flung themselves, and kissed his cloven feet.

In silence Liberty, with steady eye,
Long watched the tumult round her raging high ;
She saw her children lost in frenzy wild ;
She heard her name by their mad tongues reviled,
And saw the shape of Tyranny appear,
Without a sigh or one regretful tear ;
But when she saw the form she oft had prest,
In deepest love, upon her yearning breast,

Prostrate itself to Tyranny, and crave
The privilege of being all his slave,
The murd'rous truth, though seen afar before,
Probed with its ruthless point her spirit's core ;
With one wild shriek, she turned and swiftly fled ;
Nor stayed her wingèd pace, nor turned her head,
Until in hazy distance died away
The sound of deeds that stained the light of day.
Then, as she gained a mountain's breezy crest,
She sank upon the earth, by grief oppressed.

The Sun was dying at his western gate,
Stabbed by the hand of Night ; in kingly state
His mighty form 'mong purple banners lay,
And from his heart his life flowed fast away,
Staining with crimson all the western sky,
While weeping stars came forth to see him die.
Long Liberty gazed on the glowing scene,
As if from its bright colors she would glean
Some hopeful omen of the coming days.

But as expired the sun's enfeebled rays,
She bowed her weary head ; the darkened hour
Swept o'er her mind in its full tide of power ;
She sought the happy past, but o'er her brain
There came the throbbings of regretful pain.
The present like a barren rock then seemed,
Lost in a trackless deep, on which she dreamed,
Watching the Past swift from her presence fly,
And gleam e'er fainter on the distant sky.

Perhaps the Past—by whose deceitful guile
She found herself upon that barren isle,—
To come no more, had from her presence flown,
And left her there to perish all alone.

As thus she mused the glooms of midnight fell,
And o'er her figure hung like sorrow's spell ;
The gentle stars were shut from earthly view,
And naught from heaven came but chilling dew.

Still Liberty mused on ; within her mind
A thousand anxious bodings were combined
To form a chilling fear of coming ill ;
The more she dwelt in thought the more her will
Grew faint and weary 'neath the burning weight,
And often deeply murmured at its fate.

But suddenly across her senses stole,
Into the inmost chamber of her soul,
A sweet and gentle light, whose quiet glow
Was fraught with heavenly peace ; with movement slow
Did Liberty lift up her drooping head,
Seeking the source from whence the calm light sped :
Bright in her eye glistened the happy tear,
As she beheld heav'n's sisters gathered near
Her silent form, while from each tender gaze
Beamed sadly forth clear sympathetic rays
Of purest love, that soothed her lonely breast.
Around her form close then the sisters prest ;
Their greetings o'er, the foremost of the throng
Thus spoke in tones filled with emotion strong :

“ Since thou didst leave us sister, long ago,
Our hearts have been with thee in realms below.
Thy summer day of happiness did seem,
Like some bright star, to cast an upward beam
Into the heavens, and light our souls with peace ;
But when we saw a winter's day release
The icy blast upon thy bowing form,
We seemed to be torn by the same fell storm.

A chilling gloom across heav'n's noonday crept ;
The flow'rs of heaven drooped their heads and wept ;
Dead silence fell where music woke the bowers,
And like a dream of death slow dragged the hours :
O Liberty ! we beg thee leave Earth's shore,
And with thy presence heaven's peace restore !”

’Twas thus the foremost spoke, and all the rest,
With eager looks sanctioned the warm request.
But Liberty with inward sorrow sighed,
And in a tone of tenderness replied ;

“ Oh sisters ! ye have wakened, new and strong,
My love for that bright land, where, like a song
Of purest joy, the happy ages fly :
Where summer skies and flowers never die ;
Where breezes never know the whirlwind's wrath,
Where enemies lurk not beside the path,
And where a grateful sight would ever stray
O'er forms of thine, lit by heav'n's holy ray.
Oh ! backward whirls Time's river in its course,
And o'er my soul I feel its mighty force,
While memory reveals what I have lost,
And shows me what my kingdom here has cost.

“ But not the music of eternal peace,
Or flight of golden hours that ne'er shall cease—
That seems within my grasp—shall e'er control
The mighty purpose that dwells in my soul ;
The deathless impulse, at whose stern command
I gaze abroad upon this earthly land,
While in my awe-struck mind, in accents clear
Thrilling me through, these whispered words I hear ;

“ ‘ Behold this land ! no other one as fair
Looks to the sun for light ; thine earnest care

Will lift its people from their present state
Unto those heights where heav'nly virtues wait ;
But thy neglect will sink them in that pit,
In whose foul damps through ages they would sit,
Inhaling poison air, till they would come
To be to every holy instinct dumb.
Now, wilt thou choose thine own exalted ease,
In which thy slightest impulse thou canst please ?
Or wilt thou sacrifice the peace of one
To save a myriad to heav'n's blessed sun ?

“ Then like a fountain leaping towards the sky,
Leaps from my inmost spirit the reply :

“ ‘ Am I of paltry flesh that I should fly
To feed my senses at their feeblest cry,
And sacrifice a world to selfish greed,
Just for the fading pleasure of the deed ?
Shall I darken with shame my spotless race
Because I darn't look Duty in the face ?
Then I resolve, by every virtue high,
To fill my mission on the earth or die ! ”

And here her voice died out upon the air,
Leaving deep silence brooding darkly there.

It seemed as if these words that left her tongue,
Like keenly-pointed arrows, deeply stung
Each tender heart that grieved for her distress ;
For though her mien was gentle none the less,
Each word she uttered sternly bore the seal
Of sober second thought. Then did they feel
How great would be their loss no more to claim
As their's her whom no frown of Fate could tame :
The thought of losing from the heav'nly throng
The best, made sorrow in their bosoms strong :

The loss so near the treasure caused to seem
Of tenfold worth, and with rare splendor gleam.
They saw fair Liberty in strong relief
Against the dark horizon of their grief;
Her perfect virtues, bathed in living light,
Shone pure and clear before their grieving sight :
Affection, touched by thoughts of ages gone,
Ere Liberty's bright hours with them were done,
By Mem'ry's aid brought to each kindled mind
A precious burden of her actions kind,
And fed the fires of grief that hotter grew,
While up the flame of recollection flew ;
Then as their sorrow gained its utmost reach,
Thus broke a grieving sister into speech ;

“ O sister, Liberty ! I deeply fear
Thou makest out thy duty more severe
Than Heaven wills. To spirits such as thee
What can these weak rebellious mortals be ?
If Heaven gave to them this humble place
Before all others in the realms of space,
What claim have they to make a spirit share
With them their endless round of groveling care,
To drag thee from thy happy life on high,
To toil in slavish bonds—perhaps to die ? ”

Then quickly followed Liberty's response :
“ My mind is clear ; I've seen the lurid glance
Of lights prophetic gleaming in my brain,
And though the future seems a sea of pain
I feel that o'er its billows lies a shore
Where, weary, I can rest forevermore ;
Where, as I backward glance upon the way
O'er which I came into that golden day,

I'll see the very clouds that vexed my sight
Turning to gorgeous glory in the light,
And shedding as they gleam in upper air
A wondrous lustre on the landscape fair.

“ For in this race a holy germ I see,
Whose power of growth reaches infinity ;
Let but a watchful eye awhile attend,
And from all ills its infant life defend ;
Let but the pow'rs that in its core belong,
Become with all their destined vigor strong,
And their warm efforts there will quickly make
This people to a mighty strength awake ;
A god-like strength, that through all time shall gain,
And lift their spirits from their lowly plane,
Upon an upward tending path of pow'r,
That shall exalt their minds through every hour,
Till from these shades like stars their souls will rise,
Eclipsing all the children of the skies,
And turn their sight upon a boundless space
Of progress, where shall sweep their tireless race,
With awful swiftness in its upward tend
Upon a glorious path that ne'er shall end.

“ But oh ! what clouds now dim the Future's skies !
I'm not alone with this great knowledge wise ;
The fiend of Tyranny from his black den
Hath turned upon this land his blasting ken ;
He too hath seen the light that here doth dwell
Imprisoned in a frail material cell ;
He too perceives that in the coming days
'Twill burst its walls, and cast a mighty blaze
Of piercing light into the farthest space,
And leave of outer darkness not a trace,

Nor let a darkened kingdom there abide,
Where Tyranny and his grim hosts may hide ;
And he has sworn by all his powers dark,
To place his heel upon this living spark,
And even now beyond yon hills abides,
While round him rise and fall the foaming tides
Of mortals he has won ; and in their souls
Feebler this flame of heaven-born power rolls,
Needing but further breath of Tyranny
To make it feebler still—then wholly die.
Oh sisters ! would ye still persuade my flight ?
Shall darkness thus exult above the light ?
Shall I a child of heav'n succumb to fear
Because the sons of evil gather near ?
Would I be worthy of my lineage high
If I should flee and leave this good to die ?
There's treason to our kingdom in the thought,
For yet has Tyranny few battles fought ;
His arm is yet untempered by stern use,
His sinews yet by indolence are loose,
But when the fire of battle heats his brain,
His might will swell to meet the fiercest strain ;
His wildest deeds his lust will never sate,
No bonds will hold him in his lower state,
But from hell's reddest pit he'll hurry forth,
Its fiercest engines for the woe of Earth ;
Then will his most infernal power unfold,
Against the universe he'll stand enrolled,
His battle-shout will shake the very hills
Of high'st heav'n with horror-brooding thrills,
And in the face of God, with fiendish yell,
He'll flare the deadly battle-ax of hell,

And strive to cast upon our land of light
The hopeless fetters of eternal night.
The Star of Peace, at Tyranny's command,
Will beam no more within our stricken land ;
The hosts of light will shrink before the gloom,
And in Night's chaos heav'n will find its tomb.
I will not have it thus if aught that lies
Within my power can make it otherwise ;
Upon the Earth shall my existence be,
Spent in long strugglings with Tyranny ;
My utmost strength shall go to break his power,
And make him to his own foul kingdom cower ;
But if I fail, and his victorious cries
With thunder shake the temples of the skies,
I'd rather perish here, Earth for my pall,
Than see the tow'rs of heaven in ruin fall."

Here ceased her speech, but still her features shone
With a celestial light which at each tone
That told how great a soul was beaming there,
Had made her countenance more queenly fair.

But still a look 'neath her heroic mien
Of tenderness unspeakable was seen—
A look of deep regret that fresh did start
Towards her sisters from her noble heart—
The tender breathings of those holy ties
That long ago were fashioned in the skies.

But underneath it all was not concealed
Intent to their sweet powers at last to yield.

Then for a space the beaming sisterhood
In utter silence 'round their sister stood ;
For though the thought of bidding her farewell
Made strains of sorrow in their bosoms swell,

They plead no more, the words of Liberty
Had shown her god-like generosity,
And love and deep respect and awe combined
Forbade them saying more to break her mind.

But soon the first the lab'ring silence broke,
And thus in tones of earnest sorrow spoke :

“Then we are 'reft indeed ; in vain have been
The leapings of our happy bosoms, when
A thought of thy return has touched the brain,
And thrilled our souls with joy ; all, all in vain
Have been the list'nings for the ringing, hail !
In thy clear tones, borne by the heavenly gale
That signaled thy return from Earth's bleak shore,
From our fond glances to be hid no more :
And we shall listen in our land on high
Forever to the summer zephyr's sigh,
And never hear those tones we love so well,
O'er its sweet sigh in tones not harsher swell ;
It only can suggest the gentle key
In which once spoke our vanished Liberty.
Her voice in heav'n shall never more be heard,
Nor shall our locks again be softly stirred
By the same breeze that kisses her sweet brow,
Her place, unfilled by her, is barren now ;
Our gaze will often meet those objects fair,
Low whisp'ring of the days when she was there,
Reminding us of all the gentle ways,
That made her presence dear, then shall our gaze
Turn on the distant future all in vain,
For o'er its pulseless ever-stretching plain,
Not even one green hope then shall we see
Of winning thee again, sweet Liberty..

“ O Liberty ! thine absence from our clime
Hath been the only thing that in spent time
E'er dimmed our eyes with sorrow's bitter tears :
Nor can there issue from the coming years
Another dark calamity, whose night
Can hide the light of joy so from our sight.

“ But though thou hast deprived thy native shore
Of part of its fair light for evermore,
Because thy form so loved no more doth shine
Among its peaceful vales, whate'er is thine
Of grief or weary care, shall all belong
Unto each member of the heav'nly throng.

“ If thou wilt turn thy gaze towards the sky,
When hideous shapes of darkness 'round thee fly,
Then shalt thou realize, O Liberty !
How well thy sisters all remember thee.
The Star of Hope in heaven's highest tow'r
We'll set to light thee through each midnight hour.
And in its rays then shalt thou feel the glow
Of all the love that heav'n-born spirits know.

“ O Liberty ! though grief in ev'ry heart
Swells at the thought, again our paths must part
For time unknown. Oh ! may no future dread
Lift to our sight its horror-crownéd head,
And snatch from us this solace of our pain :
That though she does no more with us remain,
Yet, Liberty exists in other spheres,
And hails with growing pow'r the passing years ;
But may thy potency forever grow
Till thou dost strike fell Tyranny a blow
That shall prostrate him in death-agony,
And make him yield his life to Liberty.

“ And now to thee who dost securely hold
Within thy grasp the fate of good untold,
In whom the heav’ns for future glory trust,
And whose defeat shall bring them to the dust,
But whose success shall all their splendor swell,
We bid a long and sorrowful farewell.

“ To lose thee thus all heaven’s hosts are pained,
But God will bless the Queen the Earth has gain’d.”

’Twas thus she ceased and slowly turned away,
And upward led the beauteous array ;
Soon were the sisters fading in their flight,
Back to their far-off glimmering land of light ;
While yet their last kind words breathed in the dells,
While yet the mountains echoed their farewells,
Did Liberty behold them faintly fade
Above her in the wide abyss of shade.

Her soul was calmed ; the sympathetic word
Left by the hosts of heaven, touched a chord
That sent a thrill of music through her soul,
And perfect peace through all her being stole.

And still she gazed upon the lessening glow
That marked her sisters’ flight from her below ;
And as the light fainter from distance grew,
The soul of thought its magic presence threw
About her brain ; and in oblivious mood,
She calmly all the hour’s events reviewed.

But suddenly a glowing met her eyes
That seemed to be swift seeking from the skies
The shadowed Earth ; her musings disappeared,
And as a radiant shape with swiftness neared
Her sight, she recognized one of those forms
She long had loved, and with extended arms

A greeting gave : “ Oh ! wherefore dost thou come
Sweet Nature ! flying from thy happy home ? ”

Thus Liberty inquired, and the reply
Warmly the sister gave : “ Because the sky
Thou knowest Liberty where thou art not,
With all its joys is but a hapless lot
To me ; thy beaming eye and thrilling voice
Always in heaven made my heart rejoice.
When emptiness appeared where once thou wert,
With sorrow all my inmost soul was girt ;
I felt that daylight of my joy was done,
For thou hadst been my spirit’s constant sun.

“ But when I followed my sad sisters here
To visit thee in thine adopted sphere,
I felt again thy presence thrill me through
With living floods of life, and then I knew
That thou wert all in all to me, and when,
While floating on the heav’nward tide again,
I felt the gloom once more cloud o’er my soul,
I shudder’d at the thought of its control,
And ceased my flight, and told my sisters all,
How strongly did my deepest instinct call
Me back to thee, and thy lone watch below ;
They with their fondest blessings bade me go :
So I have calmed my spirit—troubled sore—
And come to dwell with thee for evermore.”

Thus answered Liberty : “ Nor shalt thou e’er
Regret that thou didst seek thy future here ;
The stream of love that thou hast caused to flow,
Shall never run with kindly waters low ;
Whatever enemies may lurk for me,
They never shall direct their pow’rs at thee.

“ For I will make thee ruler of that host
That ne’er hath yet its native virtue lost ;
The mighty Earth shall humbly feel thy tread,
And be by thee in all his changes led,
And he shall give to thee supreme command,
And thou shalt be his queen in all the land.

“ The sweetly blooming flow’rs, the singing rills,
The rivers that rush from the mighty hills,
The forests that in gloomy grandeur nod
Shall joyfully accept thy gentle rod.
Nor shalt thy power die ; as long as rise
The pond’rous mountain peaks towards the skies,
As long as Earth retains its solid form,
Thy kingdom here shall never suffer harm.
This is thy future here, and may each day
That turns upon the earth its fleeting ray,
To thee be happier than the day before,
Until thy happy heart with joy runs o’er.”

Her voice died out, and Nature fondly flung
A twining arm that ’round her sister clung.

A breeze arose and sighed along the hill,
Waking the tree tops from their slumbers still;
Then from the earth it took its upward flight
Among the glooms that hover o’er the night ;
Before its breath the heavy vapors flew,
And brought the hidden stars of heav’n to view.

The streams of light that from each star did flow,
Made all the heavens brilliant with the glow ;
But through it all unto the earth there came
The beamings of a star whose glorious flame
Above all others with such splendor shone
It stood in heavenly radiance all alone.

As Liberty and Nature turned their gaze
Upon the starry field, its fullest rays
Poured in united splendor on their sight,
And long their spirits drank its wondrous light.
The hours of midnight slowly waned away
Into the long cold hours of dawning, gray ;
Then Earth's warm sun burst o'er the eastern haze.
And for the first on Nature threw his rays ;
With Liberty she stood upon the height,
While glowed her figure with celestial light.
The waking Earth beheld her, and a strain
Of gladdest welcome rose from its domain,
And trembled o'er her in the crystal air ;
A smile of gladness crossed her features fair,
At Liberty with gratefulness she glanced,
Then on her mission o'er the planet danced.

Soon Liberty descended from the height,
And sought the scenes that she had left in flight.
Pervading all the air with hideous swell
Upon her sense the sound of tumult fell ;
Again she saw the form of Tyranny,
Sway like a midnight cloud against the sky ;
She saw again the mortal billows rush,
With madness blind, like stormy waves that crush
Their own twin brothers on a jagged shore ;
But fear had left her to return no more,
And in her soul stronger her purpose grew,
The longer there she lingered on the view.

To gaze upon such woe smote her with pain ;
But still the bonds of fury held each brain,
Nor did that host one faculty possess
That would in frankness all its woe confess.

So Liberty withheld but lingered by
Waiting the season when their rage should die.

Long she the vigil kept, but still the fire
Burned in the multitude with 'vengeful ire ;
And still did Liberty hold to her post,
Marking the ravings of the frenzied host.

Her purpose never flagged, and Nature oft
Came swiftly to her side and whispered soft
In tones of sympathy that met her ear
Like strains of music from her native sphere,
And made the lightened hours speed swiftly on,
And left a deathless cheer when they were gone,
That bade the lazy years, then following slow,
A patient welcome, and caused strong to grow
The deep, tenacious root of will within,
Before its air-existence should begin.

And thus the centuries forever went,
And yet was Liberty through all content.

The presence of harsh Tyranny oppress
Each part of wearied Earth, whose troubled breast
Longed for the calm of peace ; the sighing grass
Let not the breezes on their errands pass
Without a burden of its low complaint ;
The hills and rocks were conscious of restraint ;
All beings earthly longed to hear again
The shout of innocence peal through each glen,
And longed to feel the smile of Liberty
Make warm their hearts once more, and constantly
Their gloomy features told a joyless tale ;
But Nature gently soothed them, and the wail
That would have risen from the grieving sphere,
Broke not upon the sympathetic ear

Of Liberty ; and 'neath doubt's trying pall,
Earth's creatures waited for the blow to fall
That either would rid Earth of Tyranny,
Or plunge it in a gulf of misery.

But as the ages slowly crept along,
They found in Liberty hope ever strong.

Long, long did Tyranny with horrid might
And hideous warrings dim the very light ;
And ever grew his soul's malicious hate,
'Til as he glowered on the piteous state,
To which his pow'r had brought a race once blest,
A sudden hatred o'er his spirit prest,
And urged his arm to dastard treachery ;
A fiercer light leapt to the burning eye
That fell upon the race that he'd enslaved ;
Then loud his voice in maddened thunder raved,
And threats of vengeance volleyed from his tongue.
As at the raving host he wildly sprung.
They, shrieking, turned and fled swift as the wind,
But swifter followed Tyranny behind ;
With arm upraised to strike with eye of fire,
With every feature lit with base desire,
Upon their track with awful speed he flew :
At each terrific bound he nearer drew,
Till as they turned they saw his threat'ning form
Above them stretched with high uplifted arm ;
They saw the deadly purpose in his air,
And sank upon the earth in mute despair ;
The fatal blow began a swift descent
Upon the host in mortal terror bent.
But swift as light of morn did Liberty
Arrest the murd'rous arm of Tyranny.

And at her glance he faltered back dismayed ;
But quickly 'gainst her will there was arrayed
The whole delivered host ; with cries insane
It rose from its low groveling on the plain,
And rushed with awful spite at Liberty ;
Opposing her anew, sprang Tyranny,
He knew his hour ; no war-cry did she raise,
But on her children turned her grieving gaze,
Nor could she speak or think of struggle then ;
Loud Nature shrieked in anguish from her glen,
And from the aisles of heav'n there seemed to float
A strain of sorrow mingling with her note,
When Liberty, who taught the brook to smile,
Was thrown by Tyranny, hell's monster vile,
Within a cave where darkness loomed around,
And where unto her ear there came no sound,
Save ever and anon the jarring tones
Of Tyranny, or else the deep-drawn groans
That issued from his slaves. Thus from the sight
Of all the Earth was snatched a beam of light.
Then came such sorrow down upon the earth
As ne'er before was there ; no sound of mirth
Or sweet content arose ; 'twas then the gale
First dropt its voice to a funereal wail ;
'Twas then the forest first sighed in despair,
And flung a song of grief upon the air :
'Reft Nature deeply sighed, and from her grief
In vain she searched the planet for relief,
And oft upon the air lament did pour,
That far-off mountains sadly whispered o'er ;
The globe was one wide sea of grieving things,
And onward sped with sorrow's weary wings.

But they that caused it knew not what they did ;
No deep remorse within their bosoms chid ;
And 'vengeful Tyranny forgot his hate,
When he beheld them like himself in state.

In gloom and solitude sat Liberty,
As plodded slow the patient ages by.
No ray of light did o'er her figure fall,
Piercing the sternness of her dungeon wall ;
No tone of sympathy fell on her ear,
Feeding her hung'ring soul with words of cheer ;
No sounds she heard save those that brought her brain
Sad visions of her wand'ring children's pain—
For oft the sound of bitter rioting
And voices hoarse with rage, were on the wing—
The air that girt her round was harsh with hate,
And seemed to taunt her with her fallen state ;
Nor creatures of the earth outside her wall,
Moved by a ceaseless love, did softly call
Her name, and bid her spirit hope again.
It seemed to her as if each thing had been
Surrendered, by her fall, to Tyranny,
While melted quick her name from Memory.

Slowly the darkness of her musings gained,
And with its color all her spirit stained.
No thought of flying when the hour should be
That set her once again from prison free,
Came for a paltry second to her mind ;
'Twas not her foe that made Earth seem unkind,
It was that friends oft seen when skies were fair,
Appeared no more when darkness reigned in air.

And thus she pondered, till she sadly thought
No earthly being mourned her hapless lot,

And all had lost her life from memory.

But when the whole wide Earth frowned gloomily,
And not one cheering feature lingered there,
Her thoughts at last rose through its heavy air,
And sought her native clime, where all was light.

Like bright winged angels, glancing through her night,
Her sister's sympathetic words appeared ;
Again her tender voice she clearly heard,
Saying : " When shapes of darkness round thee fly,
Lift up thy gaze towards thy native sky ;"
And with a gleam of hope she raised her eyes
E'en though the dungeon's roof shut out the skies ;
And lo ! far o'er her head the crags were rent
In twain ; and with harmonious consent,
And noiseless motion back they moved a pace,
And showed a midnight field of starry space.

A mighty tree, whose trunk was all unseen,
Sent forth two limbs within whose arch of green
Appeared a radiant circle of the sky ;
And like a wondrous jewel brilliantly,
While in its light all lesser stars burned low,
The Star of Hope within the arch did glow.
And, yet while Liberty gazed in surprise,
There floated downward from the mellow skies,
Within the circle's span of ample light,
A troop of her fair sisters to her sight ;
And 'round its foliated skirts they slowly flew,
With graceful motion, leaving still to view
The brilliant Star of Hope within ; and while
'Rapt Liberty gazed with a joyful smile
Upon them circling there—the wondrous light
Bathing with golden mist their figure's white ;

The paling stars faint twinkling like gems,
Within their locks and on their garment hems—
Though murmured from afar, sublimely clear,
Their chanting voices breathed upon her ear ;
And stole a rare accompaniment down
Through heaven's halls, on all its trumpets blown,
That chastened by great distance finely lent,
Majestic presence to the sister's chant.

Thus soul-cheered Liberty distinctly heard
Divine with melody each far-flown word :

“ The glooms of midnight woe hang o'er the head
Of her who once was queen of heaven's plain :

The evil fires, by 'vengeful spirits fed,
Are threat'ning her with fierce eternal pain.

Thou Star of Hope ! be it thy noble task
To help her tread unharmed the gloomy way.

To scatter with thy light the night's dread mask,
And drown false lights of hell that 'round her play.

No cloud shall hide thy beams, for Heaven's will
Is that thou shalt be Liberty's own star,

And all her separate world with radiance fill,
Till cheating shades her path no longer mar ;

Until she wins the Earth from Satan's hordes,
That now disfigure it with staining crimes ;

And heralds through the sky victorious words,
That shake with tuneful joy heav'n's holy chimes :

Till rises from his throne the Prince of Peace,
And with glad eyes stretches his sceptre forth

And bids his angels all the veils release
That hide heav'n's talisman from conquered earth ;

Heav'n's talisman, the Star of Peace, whose light
Shall then baptize the Earth a heav'nly land—

A shore of heaven where hell's clouds of night
Shall never dark again the golden strand—

A field of heaven, o'er whose holy sod
The fairest angel forms shall freely roam,

And with Earth's sons, beneath the eye of God,
Be perfect children in a perfect home.

Thou Star of Hope ! so shine o'er Liberty :
No shade of doubt need dim thy lustrous glow,

Thy queen at last shall reign triumphantly ;
Whom Heaven loves no pow'r can overthrow."

The last soft strain, twice chanted, reached her ear,
The unseen music joining far and clear,
Fading with which, like silver stars at dawn
That melt away in space, heav'n's choir was gone ;
But still the Star of Hope unwav'ring shone,
And Liberty no more felt *all* alone.

What though the sullen crags, eager to be
Doing again the will of Tyranny,
Quick set their iron teeth on edge once more,
And covered her with tenfold darkness o'er,
If Heaven loved her still ? Then gratefully
She murmured to herself the choir's last cry,
" Whom Heaven loves no pow'r can overthrow."
With magic pow'r her tones did quickly flow
Forth on the air, and rippling o'er each hill
Woke thrilling echoes quiv'ring through the still
Wide halls of shade ; then taking upward flight,
They spent themselves among the stars of night.

But Nature, busy with her work of spring,
By night with dews guiding Earth's blossoming,
Quick recognized the voice she long had mourned
As still forevermore ; with hope she burned,

While with a great relief she deeply sighed,
Vehement with dark sorrow's long-pent tide.
Then murmured from her spirit audibly :

“ Long did I think thee lost, sweet Liberty,
But thou dost still exist ; and now I know,
‘ Whom Heaven loves no power can overthrow.’
And thou wilt come again to make us glad
With thy rare smile ! Oh what long years and sad
Have passed since thou wert hurried from our eyes !
And still we yearn for thee ; each hour that flies,
Increases our fierce hunger for thy pow’r ;
And thou wilt surely come ! Oh heavenly hour
That brings her forth ! What joy shall smite the air
At thine approach ! What song thy flight shall bear !
The very rocks no longer shall be dumb,
But sing with joy when Liberty shall come ! ”

‘Twas thus she spoke, and beaming through the night
Her eyes displayed a tender wistful light
Happy with hope, and in their depths a tear
Welled from the fount of joy, and glist’ning clear,
Fell to the earth as down she bent her head.

And “ Liberty shall come ! ” the night wind said,
Half whisp’ring to itself fond Nature’s words ;
And like the midnight caroling of birds,
The flow’rs of spring took up the hopeful strain,
And with their silv’ry voices filled the plain.
“ Yes, Liberty shall come ! ” the dark hills spoke
In joyful undertone that quickly woke
The neighb’ring mountains from their silence dumb.
Prolonging hoarsely, “ Liberty shall come ! ”
Thus flew the prophecy, till all the earth
Seemed waking in the morn of pure Joy’s birth.

And Liberty long listened from her cell
While many a cheering sound about her fell,
And cold and silent she thought Earth no more
The silence was of grief it kept before.
Though Tyranny held power without pause,
She had no fear while Heaven loved her cause :
And as the cloud that with a fire-lit frown
Upon the round horizon closes down,
And seems to hide the universe in night,
Is but an atom in the sun's full light,
On whose broad sea 'tis drifted helplessly :
So was the frown of pompous Tyranny,
However black, however lit with hell,
Within the smile of Heav'n that o'er her fell.

And now her soul glowed with a hopeful light,
Whose quiet rays made all the future bright ;
By doubt's sharp thorn no further was she pained,
And with high faith her purpose was sustained.
What though the light of day still shunned her skies !
In the faint dawn of far-off centuries,
With steadfast soul she marked the certain hour
When on the Earth would rise her sun of pow'r.
What though the fretting ocean's petty spray,
As lone she sat, wore mighty cliffs away,
And hoary crowned, slow crumbling mountains told.
The Earth she found in youth was growing old !
Time bowed before her form ! as soon his arm
Could scatter all the stars as work her harm !
As soon o'erthrow his master—heaven's king—
As aught to Liberty but vigor bring !
Wov'n with the universe, her life and form
Were parts of it ; each local earthly storm

Could shake the skies as soon as shake her life ;
As soon lose all the spheres in seas of strife,
And in black chaos make existence die,
As quench the heav'nly lustre of her eye !

Steadfast through centuries at length she saw
Her hour of freedom nigh creation draw,
Emerging from the future's secret shade ;
A flash of light within her dungeon played,
As if from heav'n ; then darkness reigned around
Once more ; then suddenly she heard a sound
Of horrid frenzy from the host without,
That quickly grew in volume, till its shout
Crashed on the atmosphere with fearful force ;
But grating o'er it all, in discord hoarse,
She heard the hideous laughter wildly roll,
That broke from Tyranny's exultant soul ;
She heard the clamor from high tumult wane
By slow degrees, until its latest strain
Wholly expired, and left in stagnant air
Portentous silence reigning everywhere.
'Twas thus a space ; then from the great Earth's core
She heard low tones, that seemed the echoed roar,
Of those wild sounds, in far-off agony
Surrendering its last faint breath to die.
But no such sound it was ; she heard it grow
In vigor from its first far mutt'rings low,
Until it poured up from the trembling ground,
And made the whole wide sky a gong of sound,
That shook its furious thunder in her ear ;
She heard the mountains quaking in their fear,
And felt the globe beneath its peace forsake,
And in its undermost foundation shake.

Down fell her walls ! Through midnight's blackest fleece
The Star of Hope smiled on her late release.
She from the ruin sprang to earthly sight ;
The thunders ceased ! A joy stole o'er the night
That hushed each angry sound, and for a space
A speechless silence dwelt upon Earth's face ;
Then Nature flying like the wind to greet
Her long-lost sister, uttered clear and sweet
A joyous cry that thrilled all earthly things
With strains of song, and on ten thousand wings
Of melody there swept a chorus forth
O'er-filled with welcome from united earth,
That made the air a heaving sea of song—
With music rolled the tides of space along—
The far stars chimed—Night's curtain all around
Long widely waved before the gales of sound,
And parted last, and through the rent a gleam
Poured from heav'n's day, and in a dazzling stream
Of holy light surrounded Liberty,
While blasts of heavenly music filled the sky.
Down from celestial plains there seemed to sweep,
And circle through the fields of midnight deep,
Ten thousand unseen seraphims, that sang
Their joyful hymns till all the darkness rang
With answer'ing joy ; then gathering wholly o'er
Where Liberty did stand, they broke once more
Into a full-toned flood of joyous song
That flowed with fire ; then as the strains less strong,
But sweeter, floated down o'er Liberty,
The choir seemed slow returning to the sky,
And fainter, sweeter, fell the holy strains,
As higher up they rose from earthly plains,

And fainter rose from earth the sounds of song,
That once with vigor swept night's veil along,
Till as the choir, across heav'n's threshold flown,
Let fall those strains with whose far unison
Its voice expired, no sound from earth arose,
And deeply did the midnight shadows close
Across the glowing chasm, hiding the light
And giving Earth again to solemn night.
But glooms for Nature's peace had no alloy,
Who gazed on Liberty in silent joy.

Then Liberty from Nature turned her gaze
A space, and saw within night's vexing maze,
Where Tyranny still swayed the mortal horde
That once with loyal fire about him poured.
But as she gazed, then Liberty espied
Those minds in which the fire had wholly died;
'That sadly 'round cast many an anxious glance,
From their harsh thrall seeking deliverance.
And as they turned with sudden joy their eyes
To where the form of Liberty did rise,
Hope fired their souls ; at Tyranny they sprang,
And with their battle-shouts the midnight rang.

A startled step swift Tyranny advanced,
Then on his foe in bitter scorning glanced,
And marshalled those that bowed before him still,
Within the compass of his slightest will,
Then quickly mustering his greatest might,
He sprang, eager for vengeance, to the fight.
Fiercely they met in deadly locked embrace ;
Each form was bent for combat dread, each face
Was traced with horrid lines, and glowed each eye
A fiery star set in a winter sky.

Their motions were like lightnings from the clouds,
That dazzle quickly forth, and deep and loud,
Like following thunder, came the deep-toned sounds
Jarred from the planet by their mighty bounds.
No cry broke from their lips, but full and deep
The labored pantings came ; leap after leap
They made, with sinews at the fiercest strain,
To break each others pow'r ; but all in vain
Until upon the struggling mortals poured,
At beck of Tyranny, his loyal horde.
Thus overwhelmed and with long strugglings spent,
Soon would the mortals 'neath their foe have bent,
But Liberty, long gazing from the height,
Dashed with a cry of cheering to the fight,
And Nature following, as her sister led,
With eager movements to the battle sped.
Around them thronged the multitudes that sought
To vanquish Tyranny ; again they fought,
By Liberty and Nature wisely led.
High tow'rd the heav'ns the thund'rous echoes fled ;
Scorched by hot breaths, low down the vapors hung.
And to the Earth in listless fever clung ;
Against its foe each multitude was hurled
With awful force that seemed to jar the world ;
Fiercely the wave of fortune rose and fell,
Bearing alternate issues in its swell.
In fury wild the tribes of Tyranny
Oft dashed against the tribes of Liberty,
Who oft recoiled, but with a sudden might,
Pressed with resistless vigor to the fight ;
And still the tumult waxed ; the deaf'ning roar
That rose as o'er the plain they madly tore,

Made mountains tremble, the dark forests bend,
And on far shores the deep its waters spend.
Wildly the battle raged ; and Liberty
Rushed on her foe to seize the victory.
While Tyranny in desperation flew
To meet her charge ; fiercer the conflict grew ;
The leaders flashed like lightning o'er the plain,
Cheering their followers to the fiercest strain ;
The frantic legions led by Tyranny,
Threw in the struggle fearful energy,
But those of Liberty more fierce fought on :
They fought for life, their foe for pow'r alone.

In rage long-baffled Tyranny at length
With one last charge placed all his futile strength,
And while his soul by hates of hell was lashed,
With all his hordes upon his foe he dashed.

The hosts of Liberty were by the shock
Jarred to the heart, e'en as the stern-souled rock
Is jarred by earthquakes thund'ring through the land :
As firmly they the mighty test did stand.
The shout of Tyranny waxed less and less,
And feebler he did to the combat press,
Till as the sun arose and put to flight
The frightful shadows of that furious night,
With all his host he vanished from the plain,
And on the field left Liberty to reign.

Thus was the pow'r of him o'erthrown at last
Who on the world swept in a withering blast
From open gates of hell, and with false charm
Compelled its long obedience to his arm.

Thus was the pow'r of her who found the Earth
When lying helpless in its hour of birth,

And like a mother nursed it to its prime,
Again made known ; but oh ! not yet has time
Wholly fulfilled Heav'n's golden prophecy,
That angels chanted through the ringing sky !
Still Tyranny exists : in Earth's wide field
Still hordes of mortals to his power yield,
And those that for themselves most proudly claim
The deathless soul, still dwell in bonds of shame,
Nor look with eager eye towards the day
When Tyranny from Earth shall pass away.

But still does Nature hope for Liberty,
And tell her children Heaven's prophecy ;
And oft the rambler on the evening hill
May hear soft whispers through the twilight still,
Of that sweet time when evil pow'rs are done,
And Earth and Heav'n are blended into one.

Long rolled the years, and yet with peaceful way,
Did Liberty and Nature hail each day ;
For though there often came a far-flown sound,
Of tyrant wars from Earth's remotest bound,
Where Tyranny yet lived, it barely made
The air to move, and ever seemed to fade
Like threat'ning thunder when the storm is o'er,
That falters in the distance more and more,
And fails at last with mutt'rings in the hills.
No joy of Liberty was, by those thrills,
Made cold with fear ; and they that by her aid,
In one tremendous battle sternly made
Fierce Tyranny to fly, obeyed each look
Of Liberty with gladness, and forsook
All else for her, and happy Nature too—
Though on her watch o'er all the Earth she flew—

Lingered the longest near loved Liberty ;
And filled with peace by her proximity
To one most loved, her pow'r to make Earth smile
Grew subtler, and with wondrous skill the while
She lingered there, her noblest arts were plied,
And on that plain of battle far and wide
Great change appeared; majestic forests rose,
And mountains, hoary with eternal snows ;
Wide valleys yawned, within whose sounding shade
Wild cataracts their foaming courses laid
Through rock-bound leagues; their frowning jailers past
They gladly leapt before the sun at last,
Who calmed their mad impetuosity,
And sent them singing southward to the sea.
Held tenderly by reverend hills, were seen
Sweet lakes, with islets clad in deathless green ;
The patient plain stretched forth, upon whose breast
The benison of Heaven seemed to rest,
And in the air a glorious tint did seem
To softly float, rich as a garnet's gleam,
That, when the sunset touched the mountain spire
With flashing gold, glowed with a holy fire,
And like a glory from the Star of Peace
The loyal host from toiling did release,
While Heaven blessed their queen with perfect rest. .

Thus was Earth's greatest plain, upon whose breast
The pow'rs of heav'n and hell in conflict met,
By Nature, queen of earth, sublimely set
Apart for Liberty ; that holy ground
Whose parts were by a thousand mem'ries bound,
All consecrated by the deeds of them
That through fierce hours the tyrant tide did stem—

Yea ! consecrated by the bitter tears,
That fell upon its face through sighing years,
Of them that mourned in soul-wrung agony
For one kind smile of hidden Liberty—
Blossomed with all the wealth of Nature's pow'r
To be a garden till Earth's latest hour
For Liberty and all her hosts. Soft then
Were breezes floating in the whispering glen;
Soft skies and suns were there ; the breath of care
Ne'er lent its fever to the soothing air ;
And there dwelt Liberty and those that stayed
Beneath her eye, and all her words obeyed ;
And breathing that sweet air of peace through years,
That host forgot its earthly cares and fears,
And ev'ry selfish thought ; for passions stern
No more within those happy breasts did burn ;
There in their stead all holy passions grew,
Unchecked by anger's flame. As ages flew,
More heav'n-like they became, until at last
To Earth their latest earthly parts were cast,
And round the form of Liberty, their queen,
They gathered 'neath the smiling skies serene,
A troop of angels pure ; no more to be
Susceptible to arts of Tyranny,
But ris'n above a weak material state,
About the form of Liberty to wait,
To bear those messages to Earth's far parts,
That wake the songs of hope in groaning hearts.
So prospered those that dwelt with Liberty ;
But oh ! not so the hosts of Tyranny !
In wild confusion from defeat they fled
From Liberty by their dark chieftain led,

And to a distant clime, far from her smile,
Where all things harsh existed, and the vile,
Envenomed, atmosphere choked everything
That longed for sweeter air, they took their wing
There in their souls the dark reflections formed
Of all things base around, and all uncharmed
By grand example to the ways of right,
Their vilest passions gained terrific might.
Wild conflicts 'rose ; each mortal raised his hand
Against his brother, that he might command
A greater pow'r ; foul Murder bared his arm,
All stained with undried blood ; war's fierce alarm
Crashed on the air ; swift as the lightning's ray
All earthly tribes plunged madly in the 'fray ;
With all their pow'rs they fought, nor did they pause
In their fierce battlings except by cause
Of failing strength ; then braced by vigor new
They to the fight with greater fierceness flew.

Through mighty spans of time their days were spent
In frightful warrings ; all their pow'rs were bent
To vanquish their own kind ; as there were those
That wouldn't bow their heads to tyrant blows,
And felt within the swelling of that germ
That sought fair freedom's light, and with a firm
Unswerving heroism calmly stood
By sovereign right, the others shed their blood,
And spurned their bodies with contemptuous feet.

As ages sped, with evil arts complete,
Grew slaves of Tyranny ; with cunning eye
They guarded all their kindred 'neath the sky .
But as the race grew old, the damp of age
Fell on the first fierce flashings of that rage

That burnt with unmasked flame ; a more mature
And calm, though hotter, deeper, if obscure,
And silent hate, with deadly enmity,
Placed them against those sighing to be free.
As they than earth's low beings grew more wise,
They grew more cruel too ; their fiery eyes
Pierc'd through the gloom, hiding from brutes the sense
That feeds the deeper cunning, which invents
A means, by triple shadows long obscured,
And from such shades their keener arts procured
Most subtle agents to suppress each thing
That might arise, and taking freedom's wing,
Fly o'er the world, and from its bosom call
A power that might not hail them—lords of all.

No holy beam of light fell from the skies,
Helping their grovelling, selfish, souls to rise
Above all thoughts of self ; but wide and deep
A hideous darkness o'er that host did creep,
And dwell, unparalleled, till from its heart,
Rising above its outer folds, did start
The horrid Inquisition ! Blacker far
Than all the hemming shade, that shape did mar
The face of Earth, and far beyond the shade,
Its midnight shadow o'er the Earth was laid—
A gloom that blighted all the centuries
That met it there, and snatched from fairest skies
The tints of peace. Into the upper air
There burst a constant chorus of despair—
The groans of fathers crushed by sons, beside,
The shrieks of those that by their fathers died,
And those that by a brother's fury fell,
And mingled with it all, th' infernal yell

Of him, who, in loud triumph, vict'ry bore,
Feasting his sight on pools of curdling gore.
Red gleams of blood, and ring of shaping spears,
And cries of hosts, leapt down the clanging years ;
All holy fire within man's breast was spent
And gazing Tyranny smiled with content.

Thus man arose on Earth, and thus he strayed
From Liberty, whom Heaven sent to aid
His earthly course. Those hosts that broke away
From Tyranny, by war, in that past day,
Received their high reward ; but they that still
Preferred to Liberty's a tyrant's will,
Were by their acts condemned with Tyranny
To wrestle in blood-sweating agony
For heav'n, through years. 'Tis from those hosts we rise—
We present men ; we ever rest our eyes
Upon those lands, where, in the years gone by,
Their bleedings slaked the thirst of Tyranny ;
Where, even now, their mournful errors dwell,
Still holding men beneath a cheerless spell
Of iron codes, that take sure precedent
From those first deeds ; not yet their blood is spent
In our hot veins ; our generations show
The imperfections, that, with certain flow,
Gush from the past, and everywhere around
We present mortals see on that old ground,
The tide-marks left by Passion's staining sea,
Whose wild waves, ere they sunk to lethargy,
Broke up the mortals from a common band,
And tossed their foam-marked fragments o'er the land ;

And hove those alienating bars between,
That all unbrotherly e'en yet are seen,
Dividing dwellers there in jealous clans
That almost curse the wind that gently fans
A neighboring nation's brow ; and scorn to speak
A common tongue, and glory when, made weak
By mortal foes, a sister nation lies
Beseeching mercy 'neath their gloating eyes.

We see these bitter things and in our hearts
A deep regret to mournful being starts,
That our forefathers had not nobly gained
The great reward, that we by Earth unstained,
Instead of wand'ring o'er the dreary lands
Where Tyranny wide-flung hate's fiery brands
Whose dying embers, even now, oft glow,
And roll a smoke through all these lands below
That almost stops our breath—and where the cries
Of murdered millions seem to haunt the skies,
And make an atmosphere of grief and woe
That will not let Heav'n's healing breezes blow
Upon our wounded world, and where the tears
Of toiling generations through long years,
Alone can nurse those fresh green plants to life,
That, rising from the ashes of old strife,
Can blot upon the plains the track of flame
And clothe the blackened hills and hide Earth's shame--
We might now move and sing our happy songs
In Heaven's golden harvest fields, where wrongs
Of ages past, with present hates combined,
Would never haunt the chambers of the mind;
And where the soul's fine chords would ne'er be wrung
By earthly gales, with Passion's fury flung—

Where we, one nation, nigh Love's crystal flood
Had never known the guilty hue of blood.

Or else we grieve that we had not been born,
And walked the planet in creation's morn,
And that instead of now existing here—
Where every footprint asks a separate tear
In part atonement for our father's crimes—
That we lived not in those momentous times
When mighty War held future fate of man,
Where we had stood in Liberty's stern van,
And fought for heaven, and perchance at last
In the great light of glorious deeds, have past
To endless peace. But while the spirit weeps
To think what might have been, there softly creeps
From yearnings for these better things, a hope
That somewhere in the future's boundless scope
There will appear a means by which man's soul
Will sometime gain a like celestial goal :
And not so hard and cynically then
We muse upon the present ways of men,
But soft'ning to the hope, we strive to find
It nourishment, and with an eye more kind,
We gaze upon those lands where Tyranny
Once held full sway ; for each deformity
We make apology ; they just come forth
From battling with the greatest foe to Earth,
For right of life, bear still upon the face
The knotted agonies of war's embrace ;
Scars left by Tyranny—the iron codes
By which great men make small men bear their loads,
And call it right—we think are swollen veins
Twisted awry by war's terrific strains

That deeper breath and time will smooth away,
And let the blood through all the body play
And bear a perfect health to every limb ;
And while we gaze, the fires of hate grow dim,
Within man's breast ; we see those men of pow'r
That took advantage of Earth's sunless hour
To steal their posts of strength, with duller eyes
Gaze on the host that 'neath their power lies ;
Those weaker ones are spent by struggles long,
Their limbs benumbed scarce feel the chains of wrong,
Their efforts wane, less watch their masters keep
And for a space the fiends of battle sleep ;
While Passion's fires, unroused by flushing wind,
Seem going out, to leave no spark behind.

We see this hopeful change, and as we gaze
A beam of hope through every spirit plays.
We think we hear in Future's distant tread,
Not rush of hosts to shocking battle led,
But the approaching of a peaceful day
When War's last shock shall faint from Earth away,
And in man's bosom all unholy fire,
Consuming its own vengeance, shall expire,
And following where no brutal instinct leads,
Man shall lack pow'r to do unrighteous deeds.

'Tis thus we hope for man ; but oh ! how weak,
How very lowly is this end we seek !
We dare not hope, that, man with growing might
Will wrestle with temptation for the right,
And with high pow'r at last o'ercome his foe
And be a perfect sovereign here below
That holds within a comprehensive will,
The nicely-balanced pow'rs of good and ill ;

We only hope the poison in man's soul,
That through past time has held a dire control,
Without a check, will spend its venom'd pow'r
In boundless rage, until there comes an hour
When from man's grasp will fall his strength to sting,
And leave him on the earth a harmless thing.

Oh ! is it virtue for the ashes white
To glow no more with red, consuming light ?
And is that virtue that with man will stay
When Passion spent with rage has died away ?
Oh thou soul-chilling past ! for this alone
Did thy wild agonies make ages groan
With echoed woe ! for this have heroes died !
Oh ! was man made for this—that when the tide
Of ordeal flame, back from his form had rolled
'Twould leave him in its ashes, tame and cold ?

Is there no god in man—no power high,
That can with proud omnipotence defy
Harsh Evil in its prime ? Oh ! can it be
That Heaven sent celestial Liberty
To toil for this, and has her heavenly spark
In man expired, and left him wholly dark ?

If this be so, and Heaven's aid has flown,
And left man struggling fiercely all alone,
Oh cease, thou fruitless Time ! no further tread !
From Earth all reason for thy toil hath fled.

When by some horrid chance a swimmer lone
Upon mid-ocean's midnight breast is thrown
Without a hope ; far better that some wave
Should on the instant sweep him to his grave,
Than leave him wrestling with half the world,
That 'gainst his form in wildest rage is hurled :

To only see mad foam illumine the shade—
Revealing not a straw to lend him aid—
And spite of every effort mad, to know
He's only lengthening his hour of woe.
So should mankind for mercy's sake go down,
And all its pains in cold oblivion drown,
If on the Earth by tyrant lands alone,
Shaped from the past, man's future state is shown;
If there does not exist in Earth's wide land,
Some portion sealed for good by Heaven's hand
Through Liberty ; if Earth was all too cold
Heav'n's rarest ray of sovereign light to hold,
And from man's soul its beam has passed away,
And left him here, but unillumined clay.

Long has he walked the earth ; oh ! very long
His form has stood through fiery storms of wrong ;
Oh ! would he midst their blasts remain alive,
If some small part divine did not survive ?
It cannot be that Heaven placed him here,
And made him noblest in a mighty sphere,
And hung such wondrous hopes to tempt his course,
To let the flame that fires his soul lose force.

E'en though these tyrant lands give forth no sign
Of aught still left on Earth that is divine,
All hope cannot be spent ; for other climes
Exist, where, 'chance the blight of early times
Rests not—where Liberty thro' years hath wrought,
Inspiring things of Earth with hopeful thought.

Turn from these lands where tyrant-curses rest,
And traverse half the earth, towards the West
Where no old evils dwell. The sun there shines
Upon a land that 'twixt two seas reclines ;

He leaves a hemisphere to brooding night,
That all its mighty frame may feel the light.
Approach its shore where the Atlantic rolls,
The strong-voiced waters that bound o'er the shoals,
And shut their foaming jaws upon the land,
Like beasts sent forth at Tyranny's command,
To rend it from its throne. Behold its form !
From where great Maine defies the polar storm,
With sleepless gaze bent on Newfoundland's gloom—
To challenge foes that through the fogs may loom—
Stretching beyond a thousand placid bays
That sleep unrippled 'neath the sun's calm rays,—
Telling its leagues like endless treasure o'er,
Beyond where Hatt'ras sternly guards the shore,
To where far Florida stands in the sea,
With arm outstretched to that fraternity
Of summer climes that greet her as their own,
And toss her breezes from the tropic zone.

Set foot upon its shore and slowly thread
A way among the plains and forests, spread
Upon its face in many a pleasing scene.
Here sombre woods with roofs of living green
Shut out the sky above ; within their walls
A sense of peace upon the spirit falls.
The air is cooled and sweetened by the stream
That smoothly rolls without one merry gleam
Of worldly glee upon a wavelet's crest,
To break the peaceful twilight of the breast.
There stands a tree, with black vine-covered trunk
That through unnumbered years has never shrunk
From Nature's task, and centuries o'er its head
Have sighed long requiems for the many dead,

That only saw it in its proudest prime,
And still it breasts the freshet-tide of time.

Far through the shade a pond'rous crag is seen
Alone, all draped with mosses damp and green;
A mound of golden earth just at its base
Reveals some woodland creature's dwelling place,
But not its shape is seen, and noiselessly
The topmost boughs are nodding to the sky;
And all in reverent silence ponder, while
Robed Nature treads her great cathedral-aisle.
Go forth from this old forest's sky-reared dome
Where wild imaginations find a home.
The land tends downward till it gains the side
Of a deep stream, upon whose further side
With gentle rise the upward slope extends,
Till in a range of dreaming hills it ends;
And all the slope is marked with heavy lines,
Showing where it swells up, where it declines;
Oft from the summit of a larger mound
Great crags thrust out their heads and gaze around.
And life is free o'er all; up springs the hare
And leaves the wind behind; above in air,
A thousand birds with eager pinions dart,
Each on the errand of its own free heart;
Far down the slope, by distance faint, appear,
Grazing in perfect peace, a herd of deer;
Some water-fowls that haunt the river's edge
Oft start to view, then sink behind the sedge;
Far, far, above the earth, against the skies,
Towards the distant hills, an eagle flies;
O'erfilled with conscious joy the waters seem,
That turn to gold the sun's reflected gleam

And softly now, borne by the western wind,
A thousand joyous notes make glad the mind.
Proceed upon the way beyond where now,
Horizon drops upon the far hill's brow ;
And still the landscapes 'round rise wild and free ;
Here sprouts the shrub, there tow'rs the giant tree,
Here builds the humming bird her tiny nest
Of hoary moss ; upon yon rocky crest
The eagle dwells ; a mimic plain there lies,
Dotted with pigmy trees ; there to the skies
An iron cliff ascends, and shadows o'er,
The gorge from whence drones forth a torrents roar.
Push back the branches of this copse ; behold !
A gleaming lake is to the eye unrolled ;
Close to its verge, in front, there is a spot
Where, through the trees, the sun's strong rays have shot
And turned to gold the bottom's glitt'ring sand ;
And o'er it, like cloud-shadows o'er the land,
Dark-colored fishes slowly move from sight ;
But just beyond, where floods of dazzling light
Make all the surface shine, and hold the gaze
From marking aught below, the grass top plays
That struggles forth to breathe beneath the sun,
And as the ripples o'er the waters run
Driv'n by the wind, it struggles hard to keep
Its rich green crest from sinking in the deep.
Lift up the eye ; now what a vision lies
Within its pow'r ! The foliaged wild-woods rise
Across the lake, without a feature dim ;
Each withering bough, each sear and crumbling limb
Is clearly seen ; but as recedes the shore
These imperfections lessen more and more,

Till, as the gleaming water hides its face
Where rival shores meet in a close embrace,
Nothing is left but beauty and the veil
Of distance blue, with thin transparent trail,
Hangs o'er the far-off ending of the lake
Where streams of wild-fowls leave an unseen brake.
Nothing in youth was ever more serene
And beautiful, yet how long has this been
Existing here ? What ages past have thrown
Their wild reflections on these waters lone ?
What long since vanished race has walked this shore,
Or cleft these waters with the sylvan oar ?
What midnight combats have disturbed its peace,
And turned its sleeping waters to a fleece
Of ghastly whiteness flitting in the night,
While horrid silence has hung o'er the fight,
Till on a sudden rang from bank to bank,
The death-whoop, as the wounded warrior sank ?
What weird watch-fires have blazed along these coasts,
And brought to life a thousand gliding ghosts,
And with them peopled ev'ry sparkling swell,
As o'er the lake the weird enchantment fell ?
What mighty tempests from yon mountain's crown,
At dead of night, have poured their armies down,
And shot the fiery arrows through the air,
That made it quickly render glare for glare ?
Perhaps ten thousand years its mocked each scene.
As it now mocks yon toppling sedges green,
And it may mock the sedge that here doth bow,
Hence twice ten thousand years clearly as now !
Let these calm waters rest, and turn the face
To where the lovely south-land features grace

This mighty land ; where softer skies bend down
And softer gales across the land are blown ;
Where Nature walks in garments still more fair
And wears the orange-blossom in her hair.
From verdant groves, through many a leafy rift,
The rich-voiced bird, with more than northern gift,
Is heard in song ; the gorgeous blossom creeps
O'er tow'ring trees and from the thicket peeps,
And from the deep green leaf there hastes forth,
A hue unknown far in the frosty north.
Earth yields to Nature all its sweetest streams,
To form the fruit that in each bower gleams,
Bursting with summer's dew ; nor ever here
Do ice-dispensing winters interfere
To chill the heart of man ; but Nature reigns
And moves before his sight her gorgeous trains
Of spoil plucked from the Earth to give him joy,
And by sheer plenty every want destroy ;
For everywhere throughout this sunny land
She walks with man's best welfare, hand in hand.

Oh ! such fair climes it is that make men long
To never die ; to be forever strong,
Forever youthful ; in such scenes as this
To drink from ever-flowing springs of bliss ;
To linger in their dew-drenched fields at morn,
When in the East another day is born,
And see the landscape waking from its sleep ;
Or when the sun has climbed his pathway steep—
And turns to cast his searching eye upon
The Earth, before his hour of strength is gone—
To seek the wood's deep shade, and pass the hours
Surrounded by millions of fragrant flow'rs,

Reclining on a cool and mossy mound,
With songs of wild-birds floating softly round :
To see the zephyr with long wand'rings weak,
In those calm shades a mid-day refuge seek,
To pass the burning hours in soft repose ;
And as it nods, half lost in drowsy doze,
To see each leaf begin a nodding too ;
To gaze above into the tranquil blue,
Where fleecy clouds are sailing pile on pile,
That make the Earth seem sailing too the while,
Without a sound of waters, noiselessly,
Like some great ship half-calmed upon a sea ;
To feel each slumb'rous power exert its will,
And bring unto the soul peace, deep and still.

Or when the reign of noonday heat is done,
And on the verge of Night lingers the sun ;
To leave the upland forests, and to stand
In meditation on the silent strand,
And thoughtfully to elevate the eye
To where the distant waters meet the sky,
And let the soul feel the sublimity
That dwells within a boundless silent sea.

Or when the sun's last lingering ray has fled
And soft the waxing moon from overhead
Lets fall her lovely light, that almost seems
To shed a liquid stillness in its beams,
To launch the light canoe and float away
Beyond the shelter of the sleeping bay,
Tow'rd where dim islets green lie like a mass
Of uncut emerald on a plain of glass,
And there, between the islets and the shore,
To watch the moonlight creeping softly o'er

The lessened landscape far ; or to behold
The faultless mirror of a power untold
The moon has made of all the depths below,
Where seems a hemisphere to lift its bow
Of star-pierced azure, and to join its rim
Upon the one above ; and there to swim,
In fancy, not upon an earthly sea,
But on the tide of dread Infinity ;
To see, below, great planets glow afar,
And overhead to mark the fiery star ;
To see great space on every side extend,
Without a lessening span, without an end ;
And like a god, pausing in central space,
Behold the spheres pursue the bidden race,
And o'er and 'neath the form, obedient dash,
Saluting as they pass, with redder flash.

To ponder thus a while, then float away,
And slowly reach again the silent bay ;
To find its farthest inland stretching part,
Where from the banks green-pluméd giants start,
And where the mountain-stream suspends its race,
And in gray ocean's bosom, hides its face.
Then up the winding tide to slowly glide,
Where heavy foliage hangs from every side ;
But where the moon-beam often spangles o'er,
The flood, with silver stars from shore to shore ;
To hear a thousand voices through the gloom—
Some like weird voices in a vaulted tomb,
But others fearlessly giving the call
That wakes bold echoes in the forest hall—
To hear a stealthy step upon the brink,
And as faint rustlings on the spirit sink,

From 'mong the vines that on the bank have grown.
To see the crested stag bend proudly down.
And thus to float for many peaceful hours,
Till overcome at last by gentle pow'rs
Of shadowy rest; then, lost in happy dreams,
To lie, until another day's clear beams
Arouse the sense, again to ramble o'er
A day e'en happier than the day before.

It is each scene of beauty, in repose,
That o'er man's sounding heart a silence throws,
And fills him with with affection's loyal fire,
And frames within his soul a deep desire
Always to see its face, always to know
The joy that dies not while its features glow ;
With it to weave his destiny and share,
As well as careless hours, its hours of care,
And like a guardian spirit hover o'er
Its vale, its plain, its mountain, or its shore,
And when it ceases on the Earth to bloom,
To leave the light to guard it in its tomb.

Now, as the cloudless, sun from o'er the west,
But briefly gazes ere it sinks to rest,
Leave this fair land with night, and turn the eye
To where day's failing embers flush the sky,
And swiftly follow its receding beam ;
Pursue the path until its struggling gleam
Is dark in death, and ten-fold blackness lies
Piled in great heaps against the western skies ;
Until the mid-night's solemn reign is o'er,
And to the Earth the sun appears once more ;
Still keep the onward way while many times
The upward sloping heav'ns he slowly climbs,

And plunges in the next night's pitchy sea—
Still hold the flying pace, still westward flee,
Thro' night, thro' day, thro' sunshine, and thro' shade,
While morning blooms, while evening colors fade,
Over long rolling hills, through mighty woods,
Across a thousand plains, a thousand floods,
On, on, like lightning on, until the hours
Lengthen to many days, while still there pours
A wondrous stream of landscapes to the sight,
And till the mind, o'er-sated in the flight,
Is pleased by sense of sight, no more. Behold !
What now, in sunset lights the West with gold ?
A range of mountains forms a mighty chain
That throws its pond'rous links across the plain.
Approach yon giant peak from hour to hour
Till right above the head it seems to tow'r
In awful majesty. So great its form
It seems as if some rending solar storm
Had torn a mighty planet's ball in twain,
And cast one hemisphere upon this plain ;
All seamed and sundered by its awful fall
It lies, but, with its ancient grandeur all,
It proudly lifts its white crown to the skies,
As if to its old path it meant to rise.
Now gain its base and upward move among
Its walls of rock, by great trees overhung ;
Then at its middle height again emerge
Upon a jutting boulder's outer verge
That overlooks the whole vast plain below.
Behold the scene these elevations show !
The plain that ceases at this mountain's base
Far to the East extends its level face,

Nor seems to cease where pow'r of vision ends,
But with the evening sky it softly blends.
A herd of bison in the central plain,
Tho' thousands grouped, seem from this cloud-domain
Only to be a far misshapen bush ;
The thunders that arise as on they rush,
Are all unheard, and although now they leap
Like racers on, they seem to barely creep.

The swells that reach the mountain and appear
From this height faint, in distance grow less clear ;
E'en as the foam-tipped waves, seen from the shore,
As far the waters reach, shrink more and more,
Till all are lost, and naught but blue is seen ;
And like the sea this rolling prairie green,
Afar extends, and with the spanning sky,
Disputes the likeness to Infinity.
Yet this nigh boundless plain that stretches forth
Beyond the vision to South, East and North,
And seems well nigh to reach from pole to pole,
Is but a fragment of a mighty whole !

Ascend towards the heav'ns and gain a height
That brings this whole vast empire 'neath the sight :
Now what a vision bursts upon the eye !
Where, in the bounds of Earth, beneath what sky,
Was ever spread another such a scene !
For what fair land did Nature ever glean
From all her pow'rs, in order to unite
Her wildest, grandest efforts in one sight !
Earth's greatest fall, there from the brink is hurled ;
There sweeps the mightiest river in the world ;
And there the broadest lake on all the globe
Casts over leagues on leagues its shining robe !

There mountain-peaks ascend that glow with dawn
Before the East is flushed ; there valleys yawn
That could engulf a sea and make it seem,
Wound through their central depths, an idle stream ;
And there a prairie lies upon whose face
Might every warrior of the human race
Meet in fierce combat, yet war's wildest thrills
Would faint before they reached yon skirting hills.
An ocean marks the East with silver lines ;
Turn to the West ! another ocean shines—
And oceans are the only works of Time
That fitly frame a landscape so sublime !

Within this land whose sweeping boundaries
Are lost against the ever-stretching skies,
Soft Beauty and strong Grandeur calmly rest,
Like birds from paradise flown to one nest.

Here may the man of any mood or frame
Find fuel for his soul's peculiar flame.

To him whose soul for fierce excitement longs,
The peril of yon weird, wild north belongs ;
There fearful storms to try his courage sweep,
And whitening torrents cross his pathway leap,
The blinding snows whirl from the frozen height,
And fill the atmosphere with ghostly light,
Sepulchral echoes from their caves come forth,
And with wild challenges affright the earth,
While horrid monsters oft half-seen, appear,
Of whom men speak in whispers, as in fear.
The man lives not, however much he dare,
That can not find his soul's wild equal there.

Far tow'rd the South within this same great land,
Where tropic skies their tinted arcs expand,

The man of gentle mood may find repose ;
There o'er his brow the soothing zephyr blows.
As in eternal summer's scented glade,
He marks the beauties glow that never fade.
The snows of life drift not against his breast,
But leave his soul with summer's dreamy rest.

Within this land the man of grief may find
The scenes best suited to a mourning mind.
For him the level plains afar extend,
Where noiseless rivers their long courses wend ;
Where with some spell the daily skies are dumb,
And where the silent fogs at evening come,
And spread their ghostly legions o'er the ground,
That listen all the night and hear no sound,
Save when sometimes athwart the mist doth float,
The homeward-flitting water-fowl's low note.
Lands where all things that people earth and sky
Seem grieving too, in voiceless unity—
Where, wand'ring 'mong the sorrows of a host,
Painful distinctness of one woe is lost.

Within this land the joyous man may find
The scenes most suited to a happy mind ;
For there exist among its cloud-touched hills,
Those nooks made mirthsome by the dancing rills,
Whose bubbling music finds an echoed lay,
In throats of birds that carol all the day
And fling such melodies around the height,
That all the tree-tops murmur with delight ;
Those nooks with crystal innocence so fair,
That they, within their depths with power rare,
Have stolen through some break in upper skies,
Reflections of the vales of paradise.

Within this land the dreamer too may find
Scenes that delight the ever-dreaming mind;
The shadowy caves for-ever unexplored,
In whose far depths exists the fabled hoard ;
The mystic streams that ever-sunless flow
That hide wild secrets from all things below ;
The downward paths within the silent glen,
That lead where never mortal man has been ;
The mist-hung hills so ghostly indistinct,
To Earth the spirit-land by them seems linked,
All clus'tring here invite the dreaming soul
Among them in the moonlit hour to stroll,
And breathing air of supernatural things,
To rise from toiling Earth on Fancy's wings.

Within this land the thoughtful one may stray,
Where moss-grown ledges cause the winding way ;
Where lonely trees extend their branches bare
And seem to mutely beg the storms to spare,
And rocks, all venerable with ages flown,
Set Thought careering in the past unknown.
Or where dark forests spread their mantles down,
And bid him kneel, and with the sages frown
Of wizard wisdom on his forehead wide,
Pore on their blackened pools, and, where they hide,
Pierce through the shadows of the past and know
The source from whence the present ages flow.

These scenes are here, unequalled on the Earth,
But in yon mountains northward rolling forth,
There is a vale whose charms so wondrous are
It shines this constellation's central star ;
'Tis Nature's own cathedral ; its wide floor
Is leagues of Earth by Nature frescoed o'er ;

Its walls are mountain peaks that touch the sky ;
Its roof is heaven's calm sublimity,
And there the morning's and the evening's light
Hang gorgeous tapestries from every height ;
Upon its altar from the clouds there pour
The blessed balms of God forevermore ;
There, chanting winds oft swell the song of praise,
While, loud the thunder's mighty organ plays ;
And there man's soul is awed, as if he trod
Upon the threshold of the home of God.
'Tis there the spirit of religious tone
May fitly bow before its Maker's throne.

What land on Earth was e'er before so blest,
That such rare fields within its bounds were prest !
Scoping the zones, it holds in its embrace
Groups of the rarest scenes upon Earth's face ;
All climes, with wondrous art, are imaged here,
As if a gen'rous power, furnishing a sphere
For some great, god-like, race to occupy,
Had brought from all the lands beneath the sky
The rarest things, that it should worthy be
Of e'en the greatest race Heav'n could decree.

And who possess this land, and who are they
That see yon sun sink from the earth away ?
Oh, are the worthy of this paradise,
And do their souls, filled with its grandeur, rise
And leave the narrow fields of beamless clay,
And seek on high the source of perfect day ?
Or is this land with all its heav'nly glow
A plain 'neath which the blackest rivers flow ?
And is its beauty but a mockery
Of man's fond hopes ; and will his yearning eye

Detect at closer gaze a hollow cheat
That makes his misery on Earth complete ?
Answer thou Land ! For Future stays her tread
And half inclines tow'rd thee her shadowy head :
The hand reveals, that parts her gloomy hair,
A face in doubt between hope and despair,
Oh answer that she may sustain her flight
Or backward step into her realm of night.
Answer thou beauteous Land ! And though it tear
The soul of man asunder with despair,
Say whether Nature too 'neath Tyranny
Is prostrate thrown, and so, obediently
Sweet smiles, as here she smiles her sweetest smile,
Only to charm his fiery moods the while !

What murm'ring sounds rise from this empire ? Hark !
From the far distant East, already dark,
And from yon mighty river's valley dim,
Faint music rises like a far-sung hymn ;
But now its swelling chorus is begun,
And with a growing pow'r sweeps toward the sun,
And as its presence nearer rushes fast
It loudly chants in one triumphant blast :
“ No Tyrant here doth reign with awful nod ;
The pow'rs that reign are Liberty and God !
And Nature pleased, smiling in joy complete,
Lays all her richest treasures at their feet.”
Then passing fades toward yon glistening sea,
And there disperses all its melody.

Thou sovereign Land ! Now while thy flashing
streams,
Thy hills, thy mountain peaks, in sunset-beams,

Shine with a magic splendor—while thy shore
At East or West, where tides of ocean pour
Their voiceful multitudes, is eloquent
With hopeful tones from all the planet sent :
Is mournful with the sobs of those that died
Engulfed by Tyranny's wild heaving tide—
Is plaintive with the never ceasing cries
That first took flight in long past centuries,
Of those that yearned above man, fallen low,
And yearning died—is solemn with the flow
Of earnest words of those that from afar
Behold above the wave thy rising star,
And look for Future's light alone to thee,
And bid thee ever hold Truth's golden key,
As the great treasurer of wealth of Time,
And never falter from thy post sublime—
Is awful—with the Ocean's warning roar,
That heaves the wrecks of empires on thy shore,
And bids thee gaze and take the lesson home—
With crying wave's, in agony and foam,
That cast the hopes of millions on thy head
Then backward pace but come with wilder tread
Back to thy side again, and in thine ear
Reiterate their message sternly clear ;
While from yon gloaming East tremendous piles
Of shadow rise and through the heav'nly aisles
Above thee move, borne by a special band
Of angels, sent to watch so rare a land,
And guard its rest : Yea ! while from yon calm sky
Man's awful God on thee benignant
Lets fall his gaze ; thou seemest something more
Than Land ordained to fight Earth's battle o'er,

And overwhelmed at last to meanly die.
If lies one land beneath the boundless sky,
That lit with glories which from heaven shine,
Securely holds a light that is divine,
Thou art the land ! While all thy treasures gleam
Upon thy breast, Earth's keystone thou dost seem !

Methinks 'twas here, within thy wondrous light,
That Liberty first gained the Earth, when flight
She took from heav'n at God's supreme command :
'Twas here she first awoke within the land
A hope of living, else but pulseless clay,
And bade it blossom to the light of day.

'Twas here, methinks, that unpolluted man
Knew her kind deeds, when first his race began ;
'Twas here she led him through the happy vales,
Or paused with him to breathe the fragrant gales
Upon the sky-reared mountain's dreamy height ;
'Twas here she hovered through the silent night,
And 'neath the stars beheld her creatures sleep ;
'Twas here she smiled ere she had learned to weep :
And oh ! methinks 'twas here that first her eye
Was darkened with the form of Tyranny,
In those sad times when first his pow'r was known.
And o'er the Earth his shadowed length was thrown.
Methinks 'twas when she sat in sorrow here
Her gentle sister, Nature, came to cheer
And soothe her soul, leaving the skies for her ;
And though 'twas here those wild convulsions were
That hid her from the light, so too 'twas here
That Heaven's arm was stretched to interfere
With Tyranny ; and 'twas in yonder skies
God's angels sang their wondrous prophecies ;

'Twas on thy face the mighty battle raved
Of Tyranny with hosts he had enslaved—
Of Tyranny with Liberty, God's own—
'Twas from thy face his broken form was thrown,
To be Earth's universal king no more.

Methinks 'twas here that when those storms were o'er,
With men emancipated lingered still,
Sweet Liberty on earth, till ev'ry hill
And ev'ry vale and stream and mount of thine
Grew heaven-like beneath her glance divine ;
That here it was that joyful Nature's hand
Wrought out for Liberty a sovereign land,
Who with her faithful ones sped o'er thy face,
And sought thy solitudes or turned their pace
To thy far northern bounds where in the light
Of Heav'n's Aurora through the rosy night,
They meditated on the past, or sung
Thanksgiving lays, with which thy spirit rung :
'Twas here the followers of Liberty,
Made pure by her put-off mortality,
Became those Spirits that oft whisper now
Within the ear, and soothe the troubled brow
That aches with fear for Liberty—that fill
The rushing winds with many a hopeful thrill—
That sway the forest boughs with hope again—
That set Hope's music flying in the glen,
And o'er thy whole wide face those soul-notes fling,
That sweet of Liberty and Nature sing ;
That it was in thy skies Hope's star was set,
Which shines with e'en a waxing splendor yet.
And shall shine on until God's prophecy
Is all fulfilled, and only Liberty

Rules on the Earth: and lovely Nature too
Having no more war's fearful deeds to do,
Shall bind her scattered locks, and, hand in hand
With Liberty dwell in a perfect land.

Oh sink thou Evening Sun ! haste on thy way !
For in thy future beams lingers Earth's Day.
The years, long circling, tow'rd their starting bend:
As the beginning was shall be the end.

The Pow'r that here beheld this planet's morn,
Alone shall rule when that great day is born.
The land that to that Pow'r at birth was kind,
A great reward shall in the future find ;
For when each pow'r to that one power yields,
'Twill be its tow'r while others are its fields !

Pass on thou Sun ! let thy last light expire ;
For o'er this land the Star of Hope's calm fire
Still shines, and still shall shine, until that day
When darkness from the Earth shall flit away
And ne'er again to stretch its wings in flight,
Shall sleep within the hollow fields of night—
Shall shine until the Star of Peace doth rise
And bring heav'ns golden morning to the skies.

The Land is dark ! Oh ! thou departed Sun.
Far spent is time ! thy goal is almost won.



AMERICA.

PART SECOND.

Throughout the Earth those objects meet the eye
That are both beauty and deformity
Clasped in one form ; the bird of plumage fair
Whose voice discordant hurts the shrinking air ;
The beauteous flow'r whose honey-cup holds death ;
The zephyr soft, with fever in its breath ;
The lovely vale where dread miasmas creep ;
The sun-loved nooks where poison serpents sleep ;
The rivers fair that from foul sources roll ;
The angel-face that hides the devil-soul :
All live, and mingle evil things with good,
As if, at last, they sprang from common blood—
As if the good that reigned when Earth was born,
Had been by evil far asunder torn,
And crushed and scattered till its essence all
Was rendered weak, and left in portions small,
And linked with evil, where it chanced to be,
Had lost its individualty.
Thus, in the moral sphere there meet the view.
The scars of wars that other ages knew,
Just as upon the Earth appear the lines,
Deep cut and jagged, the unerring signs

That tell of jars that happened long ago,
And still the agonized expression show ;
But as upon the Earth those lines grow less,
Though softened only by the dew's caress,
So do Earth's moral features slowly lose
Their coarseness, touched by Heaven's holy dews.
And though Man is imperfect—fallen low—
Sometimes within his soul rare fires will glow,
And light him through ; and, as the flashes bright
Reveal the paths that pierce the stormy night,
By sudden gleams ; those sudden flashes then
Illuminate the darkened skies of men,
And show them paths, but for the sudden light.
They 'chance had missed, far wand'ring in the night ;
And though the world seems drifted far away
From the perfection of its early day,
Sometimes the wanderer upon its breast
Finds out those spots where still there seems to rest
The primitive, unsullied hue of birth ;
And still there linger, in the air of Earth,
Those little gusts of perfect balm that blow,
If seldom, on some favored soul below,
Showing that yet on Earth small atoms dwell,
Of those sweet joys, Man knew before he fell.

Whate'er the power was that long did reign
Distorting men with intolerable pain,
It lacked the deathless spirit of that Pow'r
That ruled the Earth in Time's first infant hour—
That still survives its fitful fiery sway.
'Twas but a fire whose heat consumed away
Before the wind that blew before it burned,
And still blows on, though it has ashes turned.

That universal Power, encompassing
Earth's destiny, still lives, and seems to fling,
Surrounding every thing within Earth's bound,
A steadfast influence for good around.
It conquers evil, not by crushing force
That swiftly overwhelms all in its course,
But simply by superiority
Of life, of purpose, and of strength to be.
When aught, by evil forced, combats its will,
It gives a portion of its notice still ;
With patient eye divine that never tires,
That Power watches till the ill expires,
And then, its healing presence floating in,
Restores the health lost by the transient sin.

'Tis like the air by which all creatures live,
And everywhere to everything doth give ;
More than the air—the parent of all things,
From whose broad wealth each breathing creature
springs—

When things exist and feel Earth's many woes,
It like a mother every trouble knows,
And ever watchful—ever eager stands,
To touch the aching brow with soothing hands.

The tender flow'r crushed by the careless tread,
Beneath this Pow'r soon lifts the drooping head ;
The storm-bowed tree, feeling its presence nigh,
Tosses proud branches to the clearing sky ;
The doleful brook, mourning the long past rain,
At its approach sings cheerily again ;
The startled bird, whose nest is snatched away,
Builds once again upon the ravished spray ;
The dark clouds part and light the groping plains,

And vigor comes to limbs long cramped with chains,
As it omnisciently, with deathless heed,
Exerts a power equal to each need.
Surrounding Earth, it is the atmosphere
That renders possible, existence here ;
The deeds of Air and Light would come to naught,
If they were not with its rare virtue fraught ;
Without its balm, red wounds would ever flow,
Without its calm, fierce storms would ever blow ;
Each grievous thing would ever wounding reign,
Till Life expired, with mighty throes of pain ,
If this great Pow'r did not for ever stand,
Repairing injury with tireless hand.
Its length of life is measured not by time ;
At Earth's creation, strong in hardy prime
It settled here ; it sees a cycle rise
And calmly gazes when that cycle lies
Entombed within the bosom of the past ;
Upon the world its eye of life is cast,
With god-like glances, that swift comprehend
Each thing's beginning, with its final end.
And so it looks upon the life of Man ;
It here existed ere his life began,
It sees him rise and draw his infant breath,
And sees him lie within the arms of Death.

Those changes that to Man momentous are,
From Passion's mood and War's disrupting jar,
And break upon his dreams with lurid fears,
And seem involving all the future years,
In its long grasp of time are to this pow'r
But feeble tossings of a restless hour ;
They are the foams that from the wave come forth.

Dashing against the iron shores of Earth.

Let Tyranny arise and lift his brand,
Blood-dripping, o'er some terror-stricken land ;
Yea ! let him strike and gash it deep and sore,
And deluge all its form with hideous gore,
And boasting rave above it as it lies
All motionless beneath his gloating eyes ;
Though Tyranny long o'er its figure stands
Till not one throb of life its breast commands ;
Though in it every better thing seems dead ;
Though o'er it hosts of utter darkness tread ;
Though centuries behold the gloom the same,
Unlighted save by War's red torch of flame ;
Though feasting Death long wanders from his lair,
While men hide deep in caverns of despair ;
As surely as the sun still gives its light,
As surely as the day still follows night,
When Tyranny's infernal reign is past,
That Pow'r will walk above his tomb at last—
Will scatter wide the ashes of his pow'r,
And through them nurse again the trampled flow'r—
Will breathe in Man a hope of life, and pour
Balm o'er his wounds, and make him whole once.
Forever with the Earth its presence flies,
Wide as the air, eternal as the skies.

'Tis Nature's pow'r, that, like a boundless sea,
Stretches majestic presence silently ;
Though Earth's wild streams dash foaming from the
steep,
And wake its breast a moment from its sleep,
As there their waters roaring hoarse are cast,
To its calm level they must sink at last ;

Or like the azure of the firmament
Around the Earth serenest beauty bent ;
Though smokes from earthly fires darkly ascend
And serpent-like towards the heavens bend
And even hide a space the earthly view,
They fade at last, lost in the mighty blue.

Upon the Earth another Power dwells
Whose mighty scope no other power excels.
It is the Pow'r by which the grasses grow,
And through the turf the little streamlets flow,
By which the free birds rise with careless song,
And float upon the airy tides along ;
It is the Pow'r by which the eagle sweeps,
Wild, strong, untamed, far through the heav'nly deeps :
The Pow'r by which the mighty forests rise,
And stretch their limbs unfettered to the skies,
By which the springlets start among the hills,
Rush down the steep and join their thousand rills
That shout for freedom with a common tongue,
As on their banks their scorning foams are flung—
That cry for freedom, longing to be free,
As ever widening 'twixt their banks they flee,
Until a goal as wide and great they find
As their desires, when, where banks no more bind,
Upon the ocean's breast their tides are hurled,
And ever broadening sweep and span the world.

Without it Nature powerless would stand,
And sadly gaze upon a barren land.
Each blushing star would pale within its place ;
The sun no more would rule the halls of space,
And Time would pause, and backward turn his glance.
And while Ambition's thrill no more would dance

Through Life's warm veins ; and while stagnation deep
Across the bounds of space would slowly creep,
And steal each eager throb of life away,
The universe would silently decay.

It is a heav'n-born Pow'r ; for good alone
Its presence round the whole wide world is thrown ;
Though reft of its soft touch, all growth would end,
Though lacking bounds o'er life, its pow'rs extend,
Each little thing its silent care receives,
That ev'ry want, however small, relieves.

'Tis by its aid the plant, born in the dark,
Leaning towards the day-light's little spark,
Emerges from the close, dark cell below,
And finds a whole free sky in which to grow.

'Tis by its aid, within the leafy woods,
That feathered mothers rear their chirping broods ;
That little four-limbed creatures dash on high
And rock their tiny dwellings in the sky ;
That ferns arise and grow, and ever grow,
And not one check to sweet perfection know ;
That twinkling rivulets, with joyous song
Unbound, unfretted, softly glide along,
And by its aid that rare and soft perfumes
Of holy flow'rs float through the forest-glooms.

'Tis by its aid that on the mighty plains
Those creatures live whose limbs, ne'er hurt by chains,
Move like the wind, and ever greater speed
Develop at the hour of sorest need ;
And by its aid that in the mountain cells
The rugged creature of the mountain dwells,
And 'mong the paths o'erhung with frowning stone,
Though desolate, sustains a life alone.

It is this Pow'r when other pow'rs are spent,
That breathes o'er all the Earth a sweet content,
And makes, when widest shines its light abroad,
The planet most like heav'n, man most like God

But though this potent Pow'r is heav'n-born,
And though its many works richly adorn
All matter-life, or spirit-life, that lives
Upon the Earth, and though it surely gives
A crown of perfect hope and full content
Unto each thing that 'neath its will is bent,
And though it is the secret fire that heats
The thrilling blood for every heart that beats :—
From Earth arise, e'en nurtured by its hand,
Those beings that with pomp strut o'er the land,
And bid it leave its natural course, or lay
Harsh violence against its holy sway :—
They break it not ; its vigor never fails ;
But oh ! how quickly rise despairing wails
Of those that, by their folly, are deprived
Of that warm stream of life by which they thrived !
How quickly tells the faint and hollow groan,
Or silence broad, how well the dart was thrown !
But on the head, profaning sacred halls,
The crushing column of the temple falls ;
For 'tis the current that forever flows
Through souls of things, and they that interpose
An earth-born pow'r, to check its sacred sweep,
Themselves soon feel the suffocation deep,
They bring to others by their deeds profane ;
And soon they lie gasping in helpless pain,
While, all unhindered, still that Power holds
Its ancient sway, and every end enfolds.

'Tis not like Nature's pow'r ; 'tis something more ,
For while fair Nature only watches o'er
Material things, this other Pow'r extends
Its government beyond material ends ;
And grasps the great ideal, for which man sighs,
That seems to dwell beyond all earthly skies ;
And every breast that its sweet leading feels,
Thirsts for it more, the more that it reveals
The wondrous treasures of the soul, that dwell
Beyond the limits of the earthly cell.
For this it is, that, since his hour of birth,
Man, wand'ring o'er the dreary ways of Earth,
Though overwhelmed at times by carnal pow'rs,
To this one Pow'r has turned in better hours
For truest aid ; and when the gloom of crimes,
That hung about his form in vanished times,
Ere lighted for a space, it e'er revealed
His face upturned toward a purer field,
While o'er him hung this power's shining soul,
For ever whisp'ring of the mighty goal.

So, from the hope that this great Power brings
Of laying hold upon eternal things,
Wise men of thoughtful moods alway have sought
Its cheering light ; and greater depths of thought,
And calmer moods, have never broke its spell,
But ever made its grand proportions swell,
Until its grandeur, like Eternal God,
Encircling men with heaven's light, has awed
Their souls to adoration, while there leapt
To life a holy flame within, that swept
All self, all baser moods, like chaff away,
And left one deathless, holy love to sway

Their lives, and move them to heroic deeds ;
For 'tis the Pow'r that every virtue feeds:—
The Pow'r, that, guiding men from earliest time,
Has prompted ev'ry start of truth, sublime ;
Has ever made, before its presence, high,
All earth-born passions in the bosom die,
And made each soul that knew its wondrous worth,
Willing to meet the direst woes of Earth
And count them naught, if only at the last
It might within this Pow'r its future cast.

It is the Pow'r that Nature, filled with love
Hails as her guardian, from the God above ;
The Pow'r, the universe, with constant praise
Acknowledges the mistress of its ways ;
The Pow'r on whom Eternal God relies,
To work His sovereign will, below the skies:—
To make Man grow within his fleshly thrall,
Till from his soul all earthly shackles fall,
And leave him, like the light of heaven, free,
To span all space with deathless Liberty.

When, from the frown of England's tyrant fled,
The Pilgrim Fathers o'er wild waters dread,
Upon their vessel's deck paced Liberty,
With tireless eye bent on the changing sea ;
And when towards the sun dark storm-clouds flew,
And over all the sea their shadows threw—
When o'er that vessel burst the northern gale,
That shrieked in madness through the riven sail—
When lightnings glared, when deaf'ning thunders
pealed,

And in wild agony the lone ship reeled,
Then, calmly, Liberty's unshaken form
Shone with celestial brightness through the storm,
And, like a beam from heav'n's unclouded sun,
She cheered them till the tempest's course was run.

When on the thund'ring shore they walked at last,
'Mid ice and snow, stung by the winter blast ;
When hungry wolves glared through the midnight
dark,

While cow'r'd they o'er the camp-fire's dying spark,
They felt her presence o'er them hovering,
Like the calm shadow of an angel's wing.
When days grew brighter and all life seemed glad,
And happy visions chased away the sad,
And made the future with rare color glow,
Then did her touch a happy tint bestow.

But when the funeral song the pilgrims hymned,
And through a present grief their future dimmed,
While sorrowfully a brother's pall they bore
Along the path that he would tread no more—
Though Liberty was nigh as o'er him stole
The calm of death, and on the hero's soul
She placed her shining signet as it fled,
She mourned in agony above her dead,
That ere her pow'r had fully been displayed,
From 'mong the forms of life his shape should fade—
To him perchance then Liberty would seem
A fickle character of some wild dream.

Thus Liberty shared with the fragile band
The varying fortunes of an unknown land,
And faced each peril there without a sigh :
To tyrant scorn her life was her reply.

A land strange to the yoke, with plenty smiled.
To all her mild commandments reconciled,
And Nature offered, with obedient mien,
An earnest tribute to the gentle queen,
While man from tyrant bonds then wholly free,
Developed to a nobler symmetry.

Thus fled long years ; on all that followed her
Did Liberty her kindest acts confer.

When tumults 'rose within, and harshly broke
The seals of peace with many a jarring stroke,
With glance divine she hushed the thunder's roll,
And with her magic voice soothed ev'ry soul.

But when the trump of Tyranny afar
Cast o'er the murm'ring ocean sounds of war—
When round the form of Liberty the sound
Clanged fierce and wild, and thrilled the sky around—
When all the eastern wind was but the breath
Of raging foes, that sought her children's death,
From common walks to Freedom's height she sprang.
And loud in air her voice of warning rang,
Rousing each member of her noble band
To rise, and with his life protect his land.

* * * * *

A century moves back in long review,
Exhibiting each fateful scene anew.

In solemn midnight lies a tented field,
All indistinct, save where by light revealed,
That gushes freely from an open door,
Appears a space the plain's uneven floor.
Within the gap is seen a warrior stern,
With face a gleam with light that there doth burn

A rustic table marks the middle ground,
And on its top are war-charts scattered round,
But they no longer hold the warrior's eye,
And Sound and Motion in deep slumber lie,
Nor seem to breathe, save when along the night,
The sentry's distant challenge takes its flight.
He there alone in meditation sits ;
Now o'er his face a sad expression flits,
Chased by a gloom, clouding his features o'er,
That deepens o'er his musings more and more,
And shows a hundred anxious thoughts combined
Are struggling fiercely in the warrior's mind.

Now as he ponders o'er his country's fate,
His own great part appears in all its weight,
And crushes from his heart a mighty throb,
That brings upon his lips an echoing sob ;
As if his weary heart, long over-filled,
At last had sundered, and all power spilled.
But quickly gliding from the dim Unseen,
The glorious form of Liberty doth lean
Above the troubled warrior's bowing form,
Her eye lights up, each feature kindles warm,
With magic words the burdened soul she cheers,
Then in a ray of glory disappears.
The warrior stands erect ; his brow is calm,
His lips firm set ; one sinewy palm
Finds out the weapon belted at his side ;
From its deep sheath it moves with steady slide,
Its burnished length catches the fire-light's beam,
And like the flashing bolt of Jove doth gleam.

The warrior steps across the narrow floor,
And gazes heav'nward from the open door.

Long he in silence stands, with earnest eye
Uplifted to the star-gemmed ebon sky,
As if communing with celestial spheres.
Now on his face a look of peace appears,
Now move his lips, and half unconsciously
His thoughts, in forms of sound, tow'rd heaven flee :
“ Great Liberty ! forever fire my soul,
And hold my purpose in thy high control !
Let not my sword with unjust blood be red,
Nor let me walk exulting o'er the dead.

“ When thou art far away my fears are quick,
My arm is nerveless, and my soul is sick ;
But when I feel that thou art hov'ring near,
My soul is strong, all tremblings disappear ;
Twould e'en be sweet, feeling that thou wert nigh,
For thee, in battle's dizzy rush, to die.”
His lips are closed. Within the tent he turns ;
And from the hidden gap no more, light burns.
But to his words softly there falls reply :
“ To die for Liberty is not to die ! ”

The night has flown ; though morning's lusty beams
Cast o'er the land a million happy gleams,
The air is breathless with a mighty fear,
And holds a frightened silence far and near.

Adown the far-off slope, in dread array,
The slaves of Tyranny pour on their way.
Hark to the thunder of the distant drums !
A mighty foe, hung'ring for battle comes !

Forth from his tent the warrior's form doth fly ;
E'en now the fire of battle lights his eye ;
A few electric words frame his commands ;

In solid ranks, his faithful army stands ;
Now, to the drum's slow tap, they sternly file
Towards the spot their foes approach the while.
Now cease the drums ; each host is at a stand ;
Foe looks on foe, waiting the last command,
And all is still ; the air hangs hot and sear,
While hungry fiends of battle hover near.

Now bursts a horrid shock along each line,
And smitten men their forms to earth consign.
Successive shocks their deaf'ning tumults pour,
And fill the air with a continuous roar ;
The smoke of battle rears above the scene,
And dims all motions 'neath its partial screen.
The roar is waxing still, and 'neath the shade
The sun oft flashes from an unseen blade,
And sends a glittering ray of light without ;
Now comes a second's lull : and now a shout,
Mighty with chorused vengeance, bursts around,
And now a sudden charge jars all the ground,
And now a muffled crash—the smoke gives way,
And brings again to view the fierce affray !
Oh Heaven ! what a sight the glimpse reveals !
There hand to hand they ply their crimsoned steels—
No wild beasts of the earth, at Hunger's flood,
E'er strove with fiercer, blinder wrath for blood.

Is that red eye—that blood-bespattered hand,
That o'er a brother lifts the murd'rous brand--
Those knotted veins upon the fiery brow—
True portions of a great God's image now ?
Oh Smoke of Battle, blot the scene again !
Let not the Heavens see these deeds of men

All jarr'd by tumult, pass the shatter'd hours
Again the curling smoke of battle low'rs ;
A constant roar the outer air assails,
But none can see where Fortune wins or fails,
For all is hidden ; save where air that breathes,
Distends the smoke in half-transparent wreathes,
Showing, a space, a savage weapon's gleam,
Or figures dim, like figures in a dream ;
Or where a hard-prest column briefly starts
Beyond the smoke's far skirts, then swiftly darts
To meet the charge that caused its brief recoil,
And add more volume to the wild turmoil.

High rides the sun ; a hush comes o'er the fight ;
A breeze has scatter'd war's white gloom in flight ;
The pausing armies, face to face revealed,
Show neither yet is master of the field ;
Though spent with battle, yet no signs appear
Of yielding, on those warrior fronts severe.
But now the champion of Liberty
Springs to the front, and swells his voice on high,
And shouts, while fire leaps to each comrades face,
“ For Liberty, and for the human race ! ”
The whole vast column moves, thrilled by the sound ;
Its speed increases with each forward bound—
O'er fallen friend and fallen foe, it flies
Tow'rd where the tyrant hosts gaze in surprise ;
They close. Th' opposing ranks are backward borne,
As prostrate reeds by spring-time floods are torn,
And now they struggle wildly to regain
Their solidness of rank—but all in vain ;
Now as their front by awful force is rent,
They tremble with dismay—all hope is spent ;

Now terror whitens every tyrant cheek ;
Now in a headlong flight they refuge seek ;
On their disordered rear the avengers ply,
Wearing away their numbers as they fly ;
Now sweep from sight pursuer and pursued,
And leave a field with ghastly dead men strewed.

The night has come again ; where, through the day,
Those armies wore each other's lives away,
A group of soldiers move all silently,
Their torches lurid 'neath the darkened sky.

Now, side by side, they place the many dead
Beneath a mould damp with the blood they shed ;
Yes ! side by side ; no longer are they foes,
But all companions, in endless repose.

The warrior chieftain stands within his door,
Looking abroad into the gloom once more ;
But not again are those deep thoughtful eyes
Turned on the spheres that dot the sunless skies,
But where the restless torches mark the field
Where hosts of Tyranny were caused to yield.
And now again he speaks ; each low-breathed word
Distinctly on the murmuring air is heard :

“To-night, O War ! thou mayst indeed rejoice,
For late thou lingerest, where the Battle's voice
Commanded fearful echoes through the day,
To see thy victims laid in earth away.

“When in the dawn of day those legions came,
Like far-sent jets of Tyranny's red flame,
We saw our homes about to be consumed—
A sunny land about to be entombed
In Tyranny's dark loathsome vaults of woe—

Our souls were kindled to a deadly glow :
We sprang to arms a thousand times resolved,
Ere we would see each happy tie dissolved,
Or let one object of our love be harmed,
We'd die in fight nor see the deed performed.
And Heaven frowned upon the enemy,
Whom we have driven headlong in the sea.
But woe rest on alone that cruel fate
That makes man strike his brother man in hate.
Though when we struggled in that fierce ordeal,
And smote them down—our hearts hard as our steel—
Though when the victory was ours at last,
And on their flying rear we followed fast—
Our frenzy ten times heightened by the thought
Of what to us their vict'ry would have wrought—
And smote them hotly with unflinching eye,
And cursed them as we saw them lifeless lie—
Who now in anger in yon field could dwell
O'er fallen foes who fought so long and well ?
Not their's the fault that vict'ry shunned their lot—
The fault was in the cause—they made it not.

“E'en while we hear lone widows, in our land,
Bewail as o'er the fresh-filled graves they stand,
A vision of some distant home will rise,
Where tears are stinging weary, watch-worn eyes.
Whose grief the little balm shall never know
Of gazing where the loved one lies below.

“Oh ! who could still be wrathful with the one
Who brings real grief, because his life is done !
'Twas not the soldier's fault ; the crime shall be
Upon thy blackened soul, base Tyranny !

“Oh thou Eternal Father of the spheres !

Adjusting with Thy touch the force of years,
How long shall Tyranny against Thee stand
And mar the blessings of Thy holy hand ?
How long within Man's spirit shall he pour
The fiery draughts that sear his being o'er,
And leave but darkness where once shone the light
That Thou didst set to guide his steps aright—
The draughts that burn his sense of Thee, until
Distinguishing no more the good from ill,
At Liberty and Nature, Thine own pow'rs,
He wildly strikes, and spends his fickle hours
In fierce attempts to crush them, that alone,
Can lead him upward to Thy glorious throne.

“Oh ! for the time when Thou, from 'mong the stars,
Shall see on earth no more these evil wars ;
When rusting swords shall lose their savage gleam,
And hills no more shall mock the battle's scream :
When in Man's soul a god-like sense shall rise
Proclaiming where his truest welfare lies,
And quelling blinding passion there, until
Thy messengers may fully work Thy will.”

He ceases here ; the vision fades from sight.
But now another scene reveals a height
That overlooks the world beyond the sea ;
Across the brine the baffled legions flee
And bear the chain, all broke, they sought to bind
Upon the land they swiftly leave behind.

They gain the shore where Tyranny awaits—
Now the disastrous tale their chief relates—
A scowl o'erspreads the face of Tyranny,
And looks of trouble settle in his eye ;
But those that he has long in bondage held,

And in whose souls each hope of life has quelled,
Listen with joy of those that scorn his nod,
And hurl his minions from their blood-stained sod.
Now when long years of weary life are fled,
Spent in a desert where all hope seemed dead—
Where suns oppressive pour their fiery beams,
And sands malicious fling back blinding gleams :
Beyond the glare by each dim eye is seen,
Against the sky, a line of waving green—
A blest oasis in that burning ground,
Where soothing springs and shadows may be found.

A gleam of hope plays in those sickly eyes ;
Now from beneath the Tyrant's heel they rise,
And with a new-born vigor seek the strand ;
And now their boats are parting from the land,
Ten thousand sails now hover o'er the sea,
And countless numbers from oppression flee,
And thousands landing on this distant shore,
Bid Tyranny farewell for evermore.

Nor are the numbers spent of those that learn
To break the chains that in their spirits burn ;
Upon those foreign shores they gather now,
Each gazing tow'rd the West with hopeful brow.
Each ship that from these shores outspreads its wings,
Swift like a dove with its returning brings
The evidence that from Oppression's Sea
There rises up a hope of Liberty.
Swiftly years fly, but still Time's vision meets
The undiminished motion of those fleets
That rescue men from hated slavery,
And place them where they are forever free.

A hundred years are numbered with the past
Since o'er the plain swept a tremendous blast
That seized the hosts of Tyranny in war
And scattered them, like midnight clouds, afar ;
And still, America, upon thy shore
The tides of weary soul-worn pilgrims pour,
And on thy sheltering breast, with freedom warm,
They still their fears and cease to suffer harm ;
For like a mother thou dost feel for all
Of ev'ry race on whom misfortunes fall ;
Thy heart will recognize no mark of clan
That makes its bearer any less a Man.

Oh ! 'tis the love that thou dost shed around,
That wakes an answ'ring sentiment profound
In Man's long hardened heart ; beneath its pow'r
Great hopes arise, while base ambition's cow'r.
Behold ! he feels himself a brother now
Unto all men 'neath skies that o'er him bow ;
No narrow creed, within its little span,
Defines the Deity for every man ;
No fire waits him who differs in the way,
He thinks of heav'n, or lifts his voice to pray ,
Not one great temple sounds its bell alone,
Inviting pray'r in weary monotone,
But many temples breathe their sighs for pray'r,
And varied harmonies blend in the air.
Man sees the paths to happiness that lead
Not o'er men's prostrate souls and hearts that bleed,
For groans no more are music to his ear—
His upward path seeks a celestial sphere—
The fires of hell within man's glances die,
As heaven's calm reflection lights his eye.

Yes ! here men's souls are free ! the chainless sea
That stretches through the zones is not more free,
And 'neath the light of Truth they may expand
As long as Liberty rules in the land.

To this fair form America has grown,
While but a wingèd century has flown ;
And like the spring that suddenly appears,
Bursting from sands the desert noonday sears—
Where naught but fire, reflected from fierce light,
Had ere before lived for the human sight—
America on Earth's plain has appeared ;
And though men still by noonday suns are seared,
Within that spring they see the peaceful blue,
That it reflects from heaven's perfect hue.
Oh ! 'tis the deed of no one fleeting man—
Not one short century matured its plan—
No one great class, howe'er so great it be,
Can claim as their's this land of Liberty ;
For all the years that to Time's march have paced,
And all the men that Time's wild wars have faced,
Since God made Earth, have left, when they expired.
The echoed mournings for something desired
More than brute-life alone, that soft have crept
O'er all the Earth, till e'en the living wept
With longing hearts, and from Earth's bosom sprung
The harmony that round its form long rung,
And to the air a calm at last did give,
In which America's sweet song may live.

'Tis but the tree upshooting from the seed
Planted long ages since in sorest need,
And watched and nursed through spirit-wringing woes,
By each long, mourning multitude that rose;

And now, in budding promise, high it stands,
While ev'ry leaf with wondrous life expands.

Its fruit to ev'ry man on earth belongs :
No man exists so harmed by tyrant wrongs,
So all-deformed by woe's soul-crushing weight,
So sunken in the brute's unworthy state,
He may not of America demand
Some sheltered nook within her sun-loved land,
Where to the light of Liberty his form
May straighten, as the plant, bent by the storm,
Straightens again when light appears once more,
To give the perfect health possessed before.
Oh ! may just Heav'n this earth-born star preserve,
And never let its beam of promise swerve,
In hope for man ! May all its future be
More than its past ! May distant ages see
Its waxing glory stream o'er all the earth !
Within its light may ev'ry good find birth !
May ev'ry hour that its existence knows
See its increasing friends and lessening foes !
Nor when from strength its bosom swells with pride.
May lordly arrogance a breath abide,
But may its sight o'er all the planet roam,
Searching for Virtue in its humble home,
And may the good that lives in any part
Receive the earnest sanction of its heart !
Nor may, while it doth watch Time's circle bend,
A righteous purpose in it lack a friend !
And may its actions in their greatness speak
Its spirit's wealth, and may they always seek
To be of pure unselfish motives born !
May, while just deeds its daily life adorn,

Its fame from more substantial matter spring,
Than hollow words, that for a moment ring,
Filling the air with discord as they fly,
And then, without an answering echo, die !
Oh ! may its life so teem with godlike deeds,
That minister to men's most grievous needs,
That all the Earth shall rise and grasp its hand,
And in a grateful host about it stand
And breathe one song of love, till ev'ry soul
Upon the Earth shall feel the deep control
Of holy fellowship, and sigh no more
For fields of deadly fight and lurid gore !

But though, America, thou art the child
Of countless prayers, numberless pleadings wild,
And though man's hope thou seemest now to rise,
Uncertain mists yet veil thy future's skies ;
For still those fiery elements sweep on,
That swept the planet in wild ages gone,
And stern that soul must be that steadfast keeps
A hold on life before their fiery sweeps ;
And now that thou hast left the infant state,
No more those angels o'er thy pathway wait
That guard young life ; and thou must all alone
Face all the storms that 'cross thy path are blown,
For though fair Nature and great Liberty,
At God's command, sped from the upper sky
To bring thee forth ; and though without his grace
No living pow'r a conquering path could trace
Upon thy breast, as sure as God is just
Thou wilt go down, and ever sleep in dust,
If time reveals no inward worth of thine,
That fits thee for an endless life divine.

And if there is no high divinity
In thee, the offspring of man's agony
Through groaning centuries, in whom the light
Of mighty souls, kindled with thirst for right,
Beams like the sun ; oh ! where exists on Earth
The evidence that souls have deathless worth ?

Thy place, America, is such a one
As ne'er before was nation's 'neath the sun.

If thou dost gain the long, long fought for goal,
No future storm its gloom shall o'er thee roll ;
But if thou art not, o'er all nations, strong,
A fearful blight shall shadow thee along ;
For thou art chosen from Earth's many lands,
To try with fire Life's dim and doubtful sands,
And show to men if aught divine remains,
In that that strives to break from carnal chains.

Quench not, America, that hope's fine force
That swells the heart of him who marks thy course !
Oh ! let the awful issues that await
The slow result adopt material state,
And haunt thee ever in the midnight's gloom,
'Til there no sluggard sleep discovers room ;
E'en let them catch the glances of your eye
When mid-day suns are glaring in the sky,
That when the eye of Vigilance would close,
The Future's startling ghost would interpose ;
For oh ! if thou, on whom relentless fate,
Of mankind's future weal, hath cast the weight,
Shouldst prove unworthy of the awful trust,
And turn hope, born when thou wert born, to dust,
Then too would turn to dust each object worth
The toil of noble souls flesh-chained to Earth,

And less and less on Earth there would be seen,
The man of gen'rous soul and god-like mien ;
Till brutes alone, upon its face would feed,
Seeking for naught but food for sensuous greed.
Then all the good, born of the groaning past,
Would be to winds of dark oblivion cast ;
And all the blood, shed by the martyred host
That died for Liberty ere hope was lost,
Would only have been shed to swell the soil,
For droves of swine to rend in hungry toil.
Not springing from that mould would there appear
Results to make thy mem'ry ever dear ;
But as the human race marked thy decay,
The cynic's smile upon its lips would play,
E'en while thy fate would glaze its sickening sight,
As winter winds the water's twinkling bright,
Their stiff'ning tongues the reckless taunt would frame
Deriding thee, and scoffing at thy name.
Wild, reckless with despair, all men would cry,
Hurling their curses at thy memory—
At thee, who bade them hope but to assign
Them places with the senseless groveling swine—
Gaining instead of heav'n the evidence
That men are only brutes with too much sense.
The sinewy pow'r within man's clutch would die :
Down, down he'd topple from his post on high,
Through horrid chasms plunging in a sea
Of vicious mire to brutish lethargy,
And as he broke the slime of that abyss,
Like high-splashed poison foam, a maniac hiss
Of mocking scorn, America, at thee,
Towards the realms above, like night, would flee.

And greeting spirits, that above the gloom
Gazed mournfully upon Man's hopeless doom,
Would, through all time haunt all the fields of space.
Chasing thy mem'ry in malicious race,
And, like a scorning finger, point at thee
In wild derision and demoniac glee !

Oh ! thou mayst sink, with all thy hopes, to dust.
As tyrant millions still declare thou must.

If thou art renegade, there is no fate
In hell's dread grasp that brings too low a state,
Too deep a shame, for such a crime as thine ;
Thy punishment would speak a pow'r divine.
But if mankind—for whose weal thou dost come,
Thrice blest of Heaven !—with hearts earth-stricken
dumb,

Regard thy kindest deeds, and fail to see
The centuries of woe atoned in thee,
And will not take the hand thou dost stretch forth,
But grovel still in foulest depths of earth,
And nurse the brute, and crush the angel down,
Until the god-light from their souls hath flown—
And if thou standest with thy warring sword,
As thou hast stood against Earth's evil horde,
And with thy soul fired with heroic zeal,
Dost struggle still for mankind's highest weal,
And thou, whose only aim is that all men
Shall brothers be, nor harm their kind again,
Thou, who hast giv'n upon the bloody plain,
In mortal fight, thy heart's best blood like rain,
That all, of any clime that fly to thee,
Shall be in all their souls sublimely free—
Art overwhelmed by man's fierce swarms at last.

That sear thy vales like hell's infernal blast,
And on thy heart's blood sate their devilish greed—
Oh ! mighty Heav'n avenge the monstrous deed !
With Thy right arm of vengeance, crush man's race,
And rend his image from the planet's face !
Roll up Thine ocean from its mighty beds,
And sow with brine where last the ingrate treads !
Let all Thy widest shades in silence fall,
And hide the Earth's cold bosom with their pall,
And with the shroud of death obscure its face
And let the tides of dread, engulfing space
On their slow bosom bear Earth's form away,
Far from the light where holy planets play,
And plunge within oblivion's broadest span
The only relic of the creature, Man !

When Man has proved his only soul is lust,
That soul should taint not e'en a frame of dust.

Not yet has time afforded ample test,
And brought the years when men are at their best.
Nor can it be that, from the Past's grim night
The Present's dawn has thrust its little light,
And flushed with hope so many anxious eyes,
Only, while men long for its sun to rise
And make the light o'er all the planet break,
To backward sink within night's pitchy lake.
No ! from Time's East shall flash, like Nature's sun,
A glorious light, whose course shall not be run
Till it has fired men's souls with such a glow
Of pregnant heat, that, though it must run low
At last, and, like the sun of Nature, set,

The race of man shall feel its power yet,
And, like a quickened plant in night of spring,
Around its form shall still sweet incense fling,
Until Light's era greets its form once more,
And draws a fresher growth from its heart's core;
For all the evils born of paltry men,
Like dust, from which they sprung, must sink again,
And leave the virtues, born of Heaven's will,
Like their great parent, calmly living still.
America—offspring of Liberty—
As deathless as her mother-soul must be ;
Though other nations feel a slow decay,
Wearing their deep foundation-works away,
While Time exists, she ever will be found
Uninjured still, by its destructive sound ;

They, built upon some tyrant's crumbling bones,
And burdened with the weight of iron thrones,
May sink at last beneath a rotting floor,
And drown themselves in pools of bubbling gore.
A fate not her's ; for her foundation lies
So deep and strong, no power 'neath the skies,
Can touch it with decay ; right through the mould
That served when men built tents in days of old,
To solid rock, the pile is laid that rears
Her tow'r of strength that shall defy the years;
And as that strength her robust form upholds
While century on century unfolds,
Her pow'r shall, like a bud of spring, expand,
And cast a wider fragrance o'er the land ;
Her progress ne'er shall cease until Earth's ball
Holds one great nation fashioned from them all.

For thou shalt move upon the conquering path,

America, not in a mood of wrath—
Not like harsh War, beneath whose crushing tread
The hopes of nations lie blood-stained and dead :
But like majestic Nature whose great ends
Are gained unerringly—to whom man bends
Without a doubting glance, submissive head ;
Yea ! like a mighty tree whose roots have sped
Far down in Earth beyond that range of springs,
From whose weak waters roots of previous things
Have sucked the fickle sap that time has soured
Within their hearts, and left them overpower'd,
And pierced those wells from which eternal strength
Doth upward burst into its highest length ;
Thou shalt arise ! thy branches shall shoot forth,
Like shielding arms, o'er every part of Earth ;
Thy top in heav'n shall murmur joyous strains
By pure air moved ; Earth's rolling grains
By thy great root, stretched out through all the ground.
Shall in a common fellowship be bound ;
And there, beneath thine earth-encircling limbs,
Shall all mankind unite their happy hymns,
That upward through thy quiv'ring leaves shall rise.
And float a tuneful chorus to the skies.
There by the stream whose crystal life shall shoot,
All purity and sweetness from thy root,
Shall Liberty adjust her flowing hair,
And bathe her war-parched brow, 'til lines of care,
That there have sternly settled through the years,
And all the stain of battle, disappears.

The Sun of Blood shall sink below the West,
Love's azure hour shall linger o'er thy crest,
Her quiet stars shall lend their light serene,

And men shall see in skies beyond thy green,
His fearful vigil fiery Mars resign,
And in his stead the Star of Peace there shine,
While heaven's gates shall open wide be thrown,
And earth and heaven be blended into one.



AMERICA.

BY

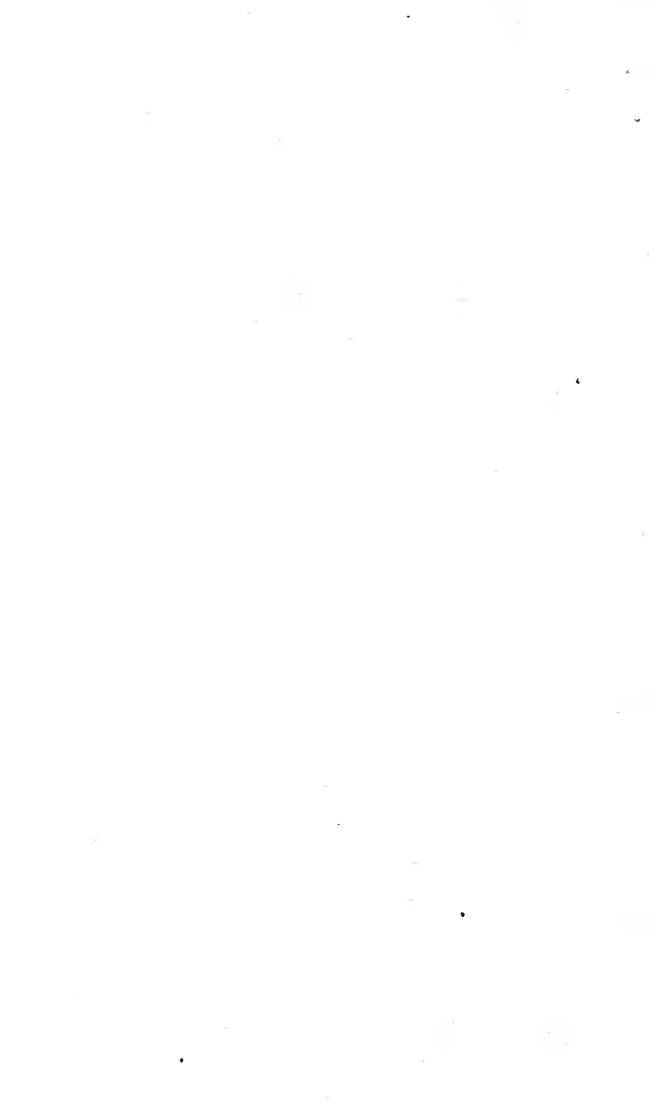
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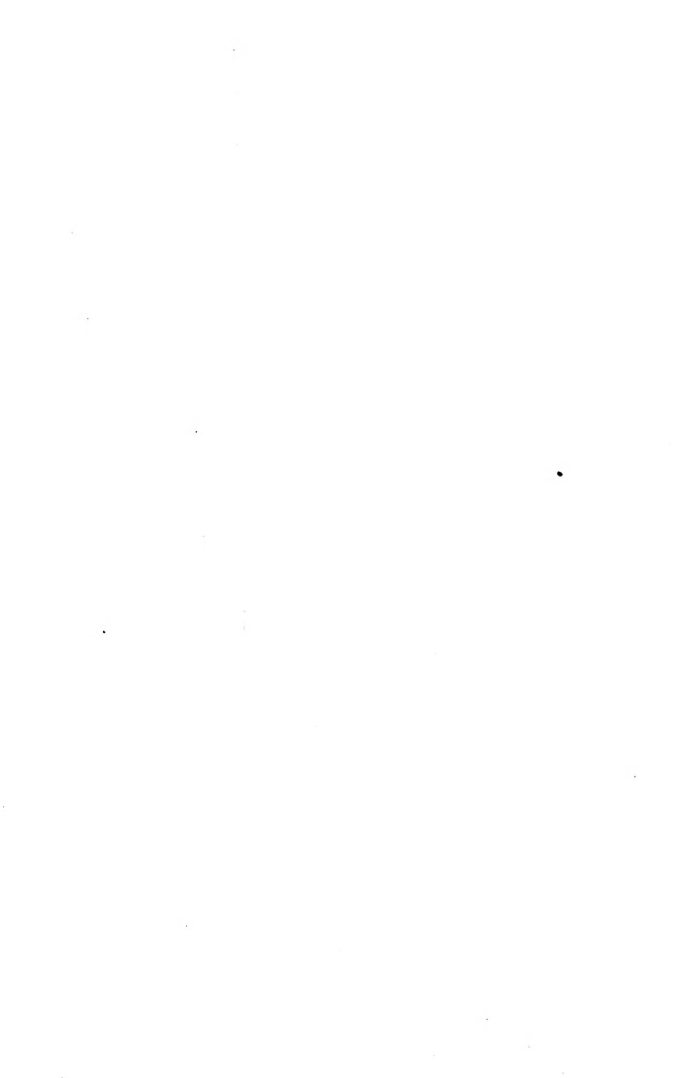
“Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!”

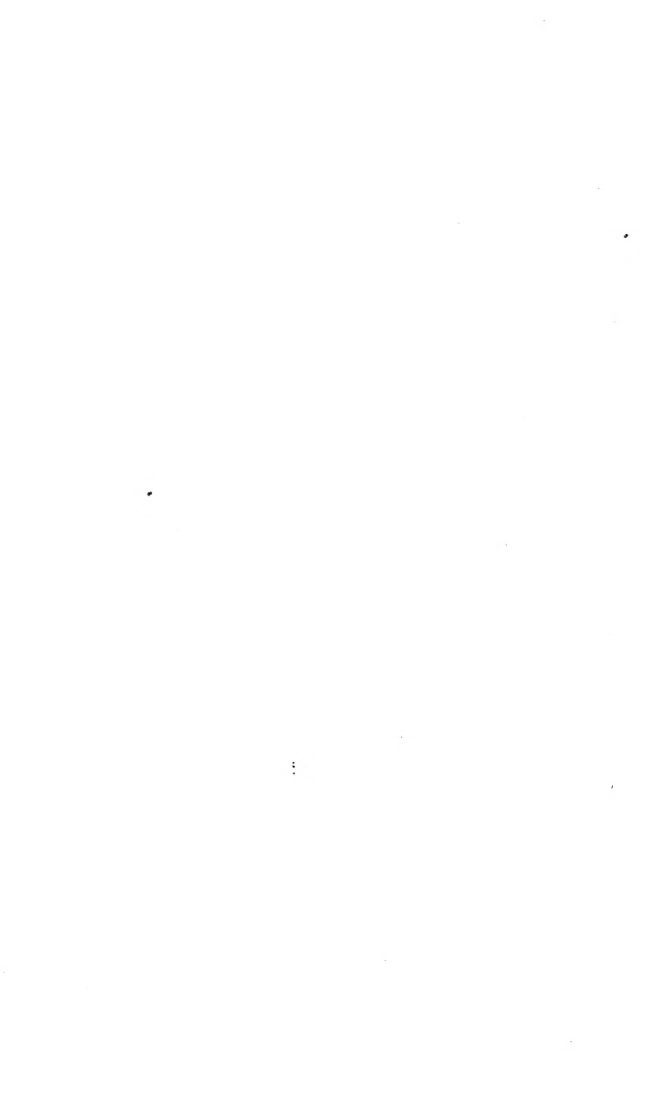
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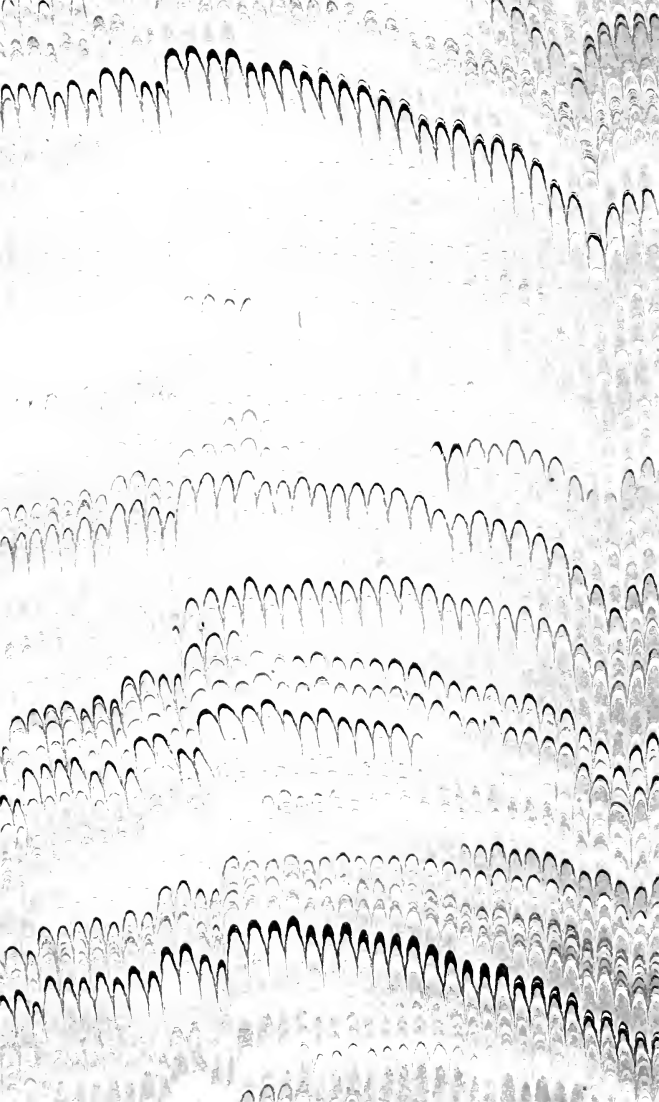
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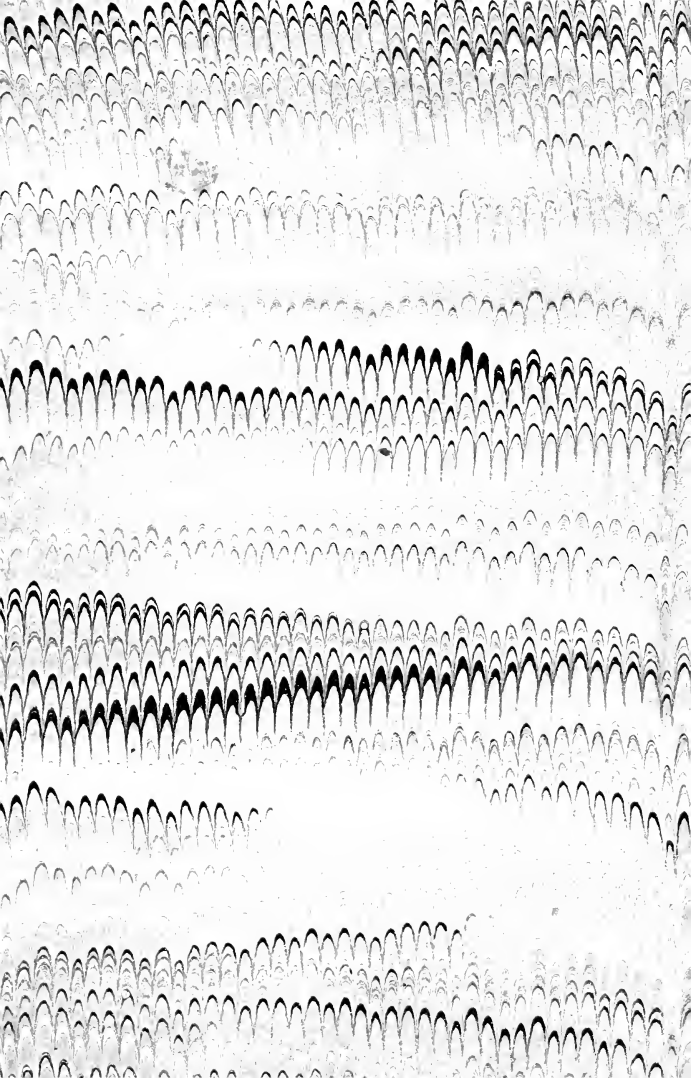
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